



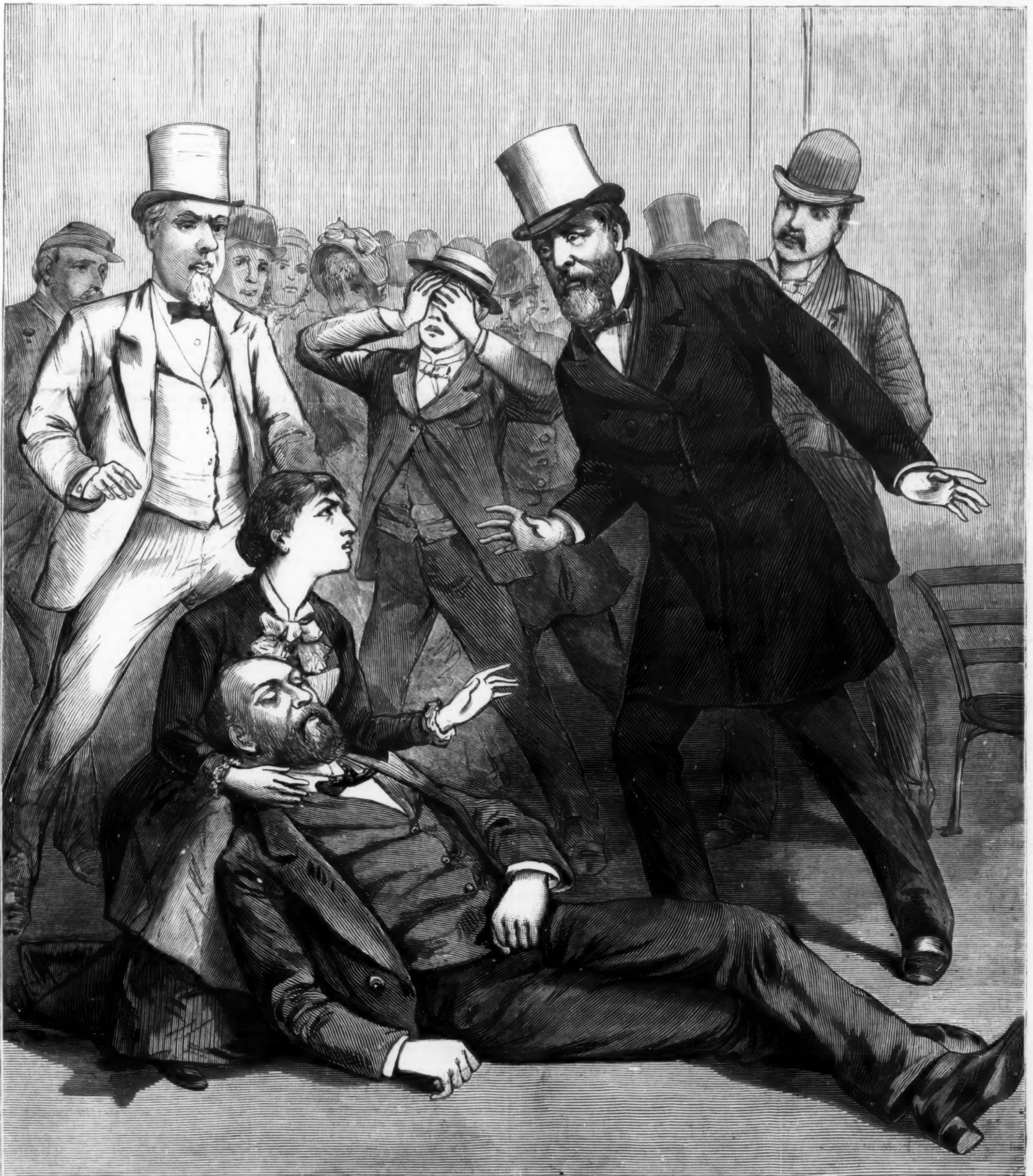
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,846.—VOL. LII.

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1881.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE ATTACK ON THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE—MRS. SMITH SUPPORTING THE PRESIDENT WHILE AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE AMBULANCE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST'S A. BERGHAUS, AND C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 335.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
63, 65 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1881.

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THE CRIME AGAINST THE  
PRESIDENT.

THE attempted murder of the Chief Magistrate of the United States is the most wicked and hateful crime which has been perpetrated in modern times. It is without excuse or palliation, and its deplorable consequences will be felt far beyond the bounds of our own country, and long after the would-be assassin has been dealt with as he deserves. The offense and the motive which is alleged for it must affix a lasting stigma on the good name of the American Republic, and constitute a sad impeachment of free institutions.

We devoutly trust that insanity is correctly charged on the disappointed office-seeker, whose bloody act was intended to set at naught the deliberate volition of the American people. But it is a thing of fearful omen that the assassin should have sought to justify the monstrous deed by considerations based on the spite and jealousy of a defeated faction, on the wrathful attitude of men whose sole grievance is their failure to share the spoils of office. Even such men as Guiteau—unhinged and morbid as the workings of his mind must be—need to have present to the fancy some ground or pretext, however flimsy, for a flagitious crime, some imagined basis of appeal to tacit and clandestine sympathy; and it bodes ill for us all that such pretext should have been looked for in the fierce and foul contention which has lately rent asunder the Republican Party. We offer, at this time, no judgment on the merits of that controversy. We express no opinion whether the faction which has sought to seize the main source of political emolument in the State of New York, or the faction which has withstood the seizure, is mainly and at bottom accountable for the rancorous quarrel. But we say that the strife for office, which has been carried on at Washington and Albany, and which now, by a hideous culmination, is brazenly put forth as an excuse for murder, is a vile and terrible infection, which will sap the life of the Commonwealth if it be not promptly purged away.

For the moment, the heart of this nation has no room for anything but sympathy with the immediate victim of this calamity, and with those whose lives are linked to his by the ties of nature and affection. But the time will come when the people will give heed to its own injury, will measure its own part and lot in the wrong leveled at its Chief Magistrate, and resent, with a passionate indignation, the blot on its collective dignity and the shock to its collective weal. We are not yet ready to accept the expedients of Russia and the methods of Mexico. We have no party men—thank God!—who would abet or countenance such detestable instruments of partisan success; and we may express the further hope that we have none who will incur—in the face of the poignant sorrow and awakened conscience of the country—the reproach of profiting by an appalling crime in an exultant, a selfish, or a vindictive spirit.

WILL CONGRESS BE CONVOKED?

AT the hour when we write it seems too probable that President Garfield's recovery from his wounds is past hope, and that Vice-President Arthur will be called upon, in accordance with the Constitution, to occupy the Executive office. What is the first and most imperative duty that will devolve upon him? Indisputably to provide for a successor to himself in the event of his own decease or inability, since, for the first time in the history of the United States, there is no such successor in existence.

A little reflection will show how anomalous would be the situation in the event of President Garfield's death. Thrice before in our history the elected Chief Magistrate has died during his term of office, but in each of those instances one or more persons were eligible to the place in the event of the Vice-President. In his turn, falling from any cause to take it, or to continue in it. The Constitution empowered Congress to provide for the death, removal, or inability of both the President and Vice-President, and in the exercise of that power Congress enacted (Revised Statutes, Sec. 146) that

whenever the double vacancy should occur the President of the Senate, or, if there were none, the Speaker of the House should act as President.

That is the law. Now, let us see how the facts conformed to it on previous occasions for its application. When President Harrison was succeeded by Mr. Tyler, there was a President of the Senate, and, moreover, Congress was convened in extra session within fifty days after the President's death, after which time, of course, a second substitute was forthcoming in the person of the Speaker of the House. When President Taylor died Congress was in session, and all three of the substitutes designated by law were in existence. After President Lincoln's assassination no extra session was called, but Mr. Foster, as President of the Senate, was eligible as a successor to Vice-President Johnson.

To-day the situation is altogether different. The Senate adjourned without electing a President *pro tem*, and there is no Speaker of the House, for no organized House of Representatives exists. If, then, Mr. Arthur should be summoned to take the place of Mr. Garfield, and a vacancy should subsequently occur for any cause in the Presidential office, there is absolutely no person qualified by law to take the place. It is true that the Secretary of State, for the time being, is required by the Revised Statutes to notify the Governors of States of the vacancy, according to Section 148; but no new election can take place earlier than within the thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in the ensuing December. This, too, is the only act which the Secretary of State is authorized to perform. For all other purposes of government, the United States would be without an Executive during the interval between the vacation of the Presidential functions, through the possible death or disability of Mr. Arthur, and the entrance into office of the newly-elected President.

The thought of such an anarchical situation cannot be for a moment tolerated. Should it happen that, through Mr. Garfield's death, Mr. Arthur were to become President, it would be the latter's earliest and most urgent duty to call together the Senate, at all events, in special session, in order that a President of that body might be chosen. But, in the excited and alarmed condition of public feeling, it might be more judicious to follow the precedent set on the death of President Harrison and convoke both Houses, so that both officers eligible by law as successors to the Vice-President, in the event of a second vacancy, might at least be in existence.

A POLITICAL ANALYSIS.

RECENT events in our civil history have come to inspire vast masses of people with a disgust which was never felt before for politicians and their methods. The long dead-lock in the Senate, the refusal of the party managers at Albany to pass a Street-cleaning Bill required for the welfare of this city by the most indispensable considerations of the public health and demanded by all citizens "outside of politics"; the office-mongering at Washington and the petulant renunciation of their seats in the Senate by ex-Senators Conkling and Platt, because they conceived themselves neglected by the President in his ministration of the loaves and the fishes; the bribery charges which fill the air at Albany and the impotence of the investigation which has followed them—all these are accepted as the marks of a growing deterioration which calls for arrest and remedy as well as for reprobation.

If the recuperative forces of the body politic were in a vigorous, and healthful state at this juncture, it may be that even such signs of declension as these would not be so distressing, as we might count on our reserved forces for a recovery of the public energies; but, as we briefly remarked last week, it is not in one party alone that we detect the presence and power of this decadence. It pervades the whole sphere of our political activity, and, therefore, tends as much to weaken the capacity of the party in opposition to furnish a ready corrective for the abuses and shortcomings of the party in power as to embolden the latter in its remissness.

In such a state of affairs, it is natural that the public disquietude should express itself in a variety of ways—sometimes in sweeping oburgation, sometimes in querulous repinings, sometimes in sneering indifference, sometimes in helpless despondency, and sometimes in earnest inquiry for a practical remedy. Of sweeping oburgation we need only say that they tend rather to harden than reform the public conscience, that querulous repinings are more a mark of moral decrepitude than of moral sensibility, that sneering indifference expresses the last stage of political pessimism, and helpless despondency the last stage of political cowardice and degradation. Unless, therefore, we are bent on bringing the most damaging accusations against ourselves and incurring the worst of suspicions, it would not be prudent to

waste our zeal for reform in any such directions as these.

In all pathology, it is the part of wisdom to search for the cause and seat of a disease before searching for its cure, and in searching for the cause and seat of the distempers which now afflict the body politic, it seems to us that they are partly organic and partly functional. The diagnosis of the organic derangement in our political system has just been made, with great minuteness and precision of statement, by Mr. Albert Stickney in the current number of a popular magazine. He finds the main source of the political mismanagement of our times in the great multiplication of elective offices, in the shortness of their terms and the consequent frequency of elections, combined with a minute division and segregation of political powers. The effect of this vast multiplication of lucrative posts, of frequent elections and of competing jurisdictions, is to create a sharp, busy and sordid class of professional politicians, who pursue politics as a trade, and who pursue politics as a trade with the concurrence of the people themselves; for the latter are too much engrossed with their own business affairs to superintend the business of primary elections, of political conventions, of caucuses, canvasses and "counts." And so it comes to pass, from the necessity of the case, while our electoral machinery is suffered to remain in its present diversified, cumbrous and complicated state, that there must needs be a "machine" to "run" the politics of the country, and the men who "run" the machine expect to be paid for their labor like the members of any other guild or trade. The phrase "Trading Politicians" and "Machine Politicians" is, therefore, no less descriptive than just in its application to that large class who get their living by the pursuit of politics as a profession, and we see no cure for the evil so long as the representative idea, which lies at the basis of our political system, is swamped by the flood of elective offices, small and great, which have come to overlay it. Fewer offices, and the holding of their incumbents to a rigid personal responsibility for the administrative work that is to be done under their direction, would mitigate, if not remove, this organic source of distemper and derangement in our political system. How entirely we concur with Mr. Stickney in this branch of his analysis our readers can readily infer when they recall the fact that some months ago we treated on this topic in the same sense, and drew the same conclusions, as the writer.

But there is also a functional cause of the present confusion and dislocation of our political machinery—a cause incident to the absence of all vital and absorbing issues in our politics. Apart from our politics, the business of the country is in a prosperous state, or seems to be so on the surface. The outstanding questions which trouble the repose of the nation are very few, and even these few are not the source of much solicitude. It seems to be conceived that they will right themselves by the natural drift of opinion, by the force of events, or by the knowledge which comes from experience and trial. Some of these questions are questions of political economy, of currency and of administrative reform—questions of science, of fact and of detail, in which it is not easy to interest the masses. When there is no "crisis" except a "crisis" of politicians, when there is not much more at stake between the "ins" and the "outs" than the spoils of office lying between them, it is natural that the people should give themselves a temporary furlough from the strenuous conflict of real and earnest politics, in which great issues hang in the "imminent deadly breach." Such times are called by Tacitus "the intervals and breathing spells" of public life, and such times come to a speedy end whenever any real emergency arises to touch the sensibilities and test the temper of a free, brave and generous people. It will be time enough to despair of the Republic when the people suffer the game of politics to play on "while Rome is burning."

OUR GRAIN HARVESTS.

A SUBJECT which is being much discussed in Wall Street and elsewhere, just now, is the condition of our cereal crops; and certainly, as our wealth is derived almost entirely from agriculture, it merits careful consideration. Setting aside the reckless misstatements of the speculators in grain and stocks, who are endeavoring to influence the course of prices by doleful or jubilant stories in regard to the outlook, just as their particular interests happen to dictate, it may be stated that the most trustworthy reports indicate that, while there will be some decrease in our wheat crop this year, there will undoubtedly be a large surplus to spare for the more needy nations of Europe. The best authorities estimate this surplus at from 125,000,000 to 150,000,000 bushels, and it is not at all certain, moreover, that there will be any decrease in the actual yield.

The season has been backward, it is true, but this does not necessarily imply a short crop; and, though violent storms have recently done considerable damage in some localities in the West, the prospect is, on the whole, more favorable than it was in May. The corn crop on this side of the Atlantic, although planted unusually late this year, promises finely in those States where it is most grown. Other cereals are doing well. Taking our yield of grain as a whole, then, it promises to fall very little short of last year at the worst.

As regards the grain crops of Europe, in which our farmers naturally take so much interest, the reports during the last few weeks have been somewhat conflicting, and have done much to foster the speculative spirit so noticeable of late at our Produce Exchange, and have also stimulated speculative transactions at the Stock Exchange, especially in what are known as the Granger shares. Summed up briefly, these reports are to the effect that the prospects in Germany this year are somewhat unfavorable; in France, Austro-Hungary, Holland, Spain and Italy, the outlook is now promising, and the yield in both Russia and England will, according to the latest advices, undoubtedly be larger than that of last year. It is in Russia, however, that we are most interested, since she is our most dangerous competitor in the European grain traffic. And it will be well for our farmers to bear in mind that they are not likely to have the trans-Atlantic market quite so much in their own hands this year as they did in 1880; it is still a moot question whether we will be able to dispose of our surplus as easily as then. Russia's surplus of wheat last year was unusually small—the smallest, in fact, for many years—but her surplus this year will, undoubtedly, show a marked increase. The true position as regards Russia is best illustrated by the fact that, while last year she only exported 32,000,000 bushels of wheat, in 1879 she exported 83,000,000 bushels, and in 1878 over 100,000,000 bushels, while even in 1873 she sent abroad over 40,000,000 bushels. The short crop in that country last year was wholly due to unprecedentedly bad weather, and it would be childish to expect a regular recurrence of such unfavorable circumstances.

But while this is true, it is equally true that the steady progress of late years in our agricultural interests warrants the expectation of increasing exports of our cereals as time goes on, notwithstanding that it is probable that grain-culture will also increase in Europe; and on the principle that the greater the agricultural development the greater the tendency of an influx of specie, the prosperity of our people may be expected to increase in about equal ratio; the balance of trade is still in our favor, and will undoubtedly remain so for some time.

The enormous progress which has been made in agricultural pursuits within a comparatively short time is shown in the fact that our total cereal product increased from 1,229,000,000 bushels in 1860 to 2,714,000,000 bushels in 1880, or an increase of about 120 per cent.; the yield of corn rose from 441,880,000 bushels in 1870 to 1,303,000,000 bushels in 1880, or an increase of about 195 per cent. In a single decade. The cereal production of ten Western States shows an increase during the last two decades of 230 per cent. It may be doubted whether such a record of most extraordinary agricultural activity has ever been equaled either in ancient or modern times.

THE ENGLISH RAILWAY-CAR  
SYSTEM.

THE recent sensational murder in an English railway carriage cannot fail to provoke comparisons between the shape and construction of our cars and those in use upon the British and most of the European railways. While our cars are open, permitting officials and passengers to move from one end to the other at all times during the journey, the English carriages are constructed in compartments; the passengers are locked in by the guard, and have no means of leaving the car until that functionary comes to unlock the door. A small aperture covered with glass is in the side of each compartment, and in case of accident or illness, the passenger can break the glass and reach a cord communicating with an alarm-bell, and upon sounding the bell the train is stopped and the guard comes to the relief of his prisoner. This is absolutely the only means of communication which a passenger has with the officers of the road during his trip, and this, of course, is useless when a man is struggling in the grasp of a murderer or a madman. While our cars are fitted up with sanitary conveniences, with ice-water in Summer and stoves in Winter, those of our trans-Atlantic neighbors are utterly devoid of these absolute essentials, and it is only of very recent date that "sleepers" have been put on some of the more prominent lines, and this only when the pistol of public opinion was put to the heads of the reluctant Boards of Directors. The



murder of Mr. Gold cries trumpet-tongued for an alteration in a system that is as much out of date as the mail-coaches. Mr. Gold was locked into the compartment of a first-class carriage with two men. He had a sum of money in one pocket and a gold watch in the other. Having presumably dined well, he possibly composed himself for a nap to kill the ninety minutes usually occupied by the run up to London. One of his companions in the compartment, who called himself Arthur Lefroy, is twenty-two years of age, and is said to be a reporter. The other is described by the parties at Brighton as dressed like a countryman, and as appearing to be an intimate friend of Lefroy's. What occurred in the compartment has yet to be revealed. All that is known at present is that Gould's murdered and despoiled body was found in a tunnel; that the seats and floor of the car were covered with blood, and two bullets imbedded in the door showed how desperately the doomed man had fought for dear life.

When the train reached Croydon, a few miles outside of London, Lefroy was released from the compartment by the guard. His companion, the countryman, had disappeared, nobody seems to know when or where. Lefroy staggered up to the policemen on duty in the station, and asked their aid in reaching his home in Wallington. His face was covered with blood and his clothes were torn. He told the policeman that he had been on a spree in Brighton, and, in returning, had endeavored to walk off the effects in the car, but that the jolting of the train had knocked him about so violently that he had torn his clothes and wounded his face. The train had gone on its way to London, and the condition of the compartment from which Lefroy had descended was not known to the police.

Now, such a condition of things could never have arisen in a railway-car in the United States. Assuming the parties to be alone, there was the check-string to pull, there were the ever-passing officials, there was the dash for the door, or the plunge along the centre aisle, fighting for life, step by step; above all, there was the certainty in the murderer's mind that detection awaited him at every beat of the locomotive's piston, and that the chances were ninety-nine to one dead against him. We repeat that the English system of railway-car is a premium upon murder, outrage and ill-health, and a standing protest against vaunted progress.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

WHILE law and order are being everywhere restored in Ireland, the Land Bill in the House of Commons continues to make such satisfactory progress that Mr. Gladstone expects to be able to prorogue Parliament during the first week in August. The Bill now has precedence of all other business, and as the Parnellites are withdrawing obnoxious amendments, there seems to be no reason why it should not be disposed of by the House and sent to the Lords within the next fortnight. The professional agitators, in the improved condition of affairs in Ireland, are finding it very difficult to keep up the agrarian excitement. The hay crop that has just been harvested is the best Ireland has had since before the great famine, and the potato crop promises to be extraordinarily abundant. The fisheries were never more prolific; in some districts the farmers are using fish by the cart-loads for manure. Then, again, the landlords have withdrawn ejectment writs in hundreds of cases, and for the sake of peace are taking Griffith's valuation. The priests, too, are withdrawing from the agitation, while in other respects the situation is equally encouraging. There is a marked falling-off in the receipts of the Land League; out of \$500,000 subscribed since the beginning of the movement, nearly \$400,000 has been expended, and the balance will soon be exhausted, making fresh contributions necessary if the work is to go on. An urgent appeal has been made for further aid, but the response has not been encouraging. It is said that the object of the recent visit of President Garfield's private secretary to England was to bear instructions to Minister Lowell, directing the American Consuls throughout Ireland to report fully concerning the character and the extent of the disaffection, particularly relative to the prevalence and the conduct of the Irish-American element. Mr. Parnell has not yet fixed the date of his visit to the United States, the purpose of which is understood to be to use his influence to discourage the exertions of "skirmishers," meaning adventurers from this country who think to cure evils of the land system by the use of dynamite.

The elections in Bulgaria have resulted in the success of Prince Alexander's candidates. It is charged that, while the Government in some places exercised a sort of terrorism which prevented any honest expression of popular sentiment, the party opposed to the Prince in other places forcibly prevented Mussulman electors from voting, causing riots and bloodshed. Two towns in which these excesses occurred have been placed in a state of siege. It will be remembered that the ultimatum of Alexander, which seems to have been approved by the people, proposed substantially a dictatorship for seven years, at the end of which period a national assembly shall be summoned to revise the constitution on the basis of the principles meanwhile introduced into his administration.

It is confidently expected that the coming

elections in Spain will result in favor of the Sagasta Ministry. This will be simply as it should be. Spain has not had for many years so useful or efficient a Ministry. One of its achievements has been the reduction of the floating debt, in the month of May, by nearly \$2,500,000; and this is understood to be only the beginning of a policy which looks to the removal of the enormous debt under which the country has so long staggered. By the application of system to the collection of taxes, the revenues are being constantly increased, the receipts in April last exceeding by nearly \$1,000,000 the income for the same month last year. At the same time Señor Sagasta's foreign policy has been wise and truly liberal, while internal improvements have been made by the Minister of the Interior, especially in the direction of agricultural improvement. The people would exhibit a strange ingratitude, indeed, should they now declare against an administration which has achieved these important results.

There is still a good deal of irritation against France in Italian official circles. The Press of Rome and other cities asserts that France is anxious to pick a quarrel, and counsels patience, so that Italy may choose her own time for war. Germany is probably the only Power that would contemplate a war between these two countries with entire complacency. In Tunis the French authority is now practically supreme, and seems to be exercised with discretion as well as firmness. But in Algeria matters are unsatisfactory, and there has been a long debate in the Chamber of Deputies relative to the charges of mismanagement brought against M. Albert Grévy, the Governor. The Ministry was sustained by a small majority, but it is obvious that some more vigorous policy in Algeria will be necessary to allay the existing discontent. There are signs of trouble in Tripoli; French troops are being sent to the frontier of Tripoli, and Turkish troops have been ordered to that province. The French complain that the Mussulmans there are intriguing for a general rising in Tunis.

The trial of the alleged murderers of the Sultan Abdul-Aziz opened at Constantinople on June 27th, when Nouri Pasha admitted having ordered the assassination by command of a commission composed of Midhat, Mahmoud and Ruchdi Pashas. Midhat denied the existence of such a committee, and maintained that the Sultan had committed suicide. The trial must have been managed with much more rapidity than the Turks are wont to display in official matters; for, on the following day, two wrestlers and a sergeant were convicted of the murder, and the accused Pashas were pronounced guilty as accessories. A day later the Court passed sentence of death upon all the accused. The prisoners have eight days in which to appeal, and all will do so. The trial of Midhat Pasha was marked by the greatest unfairness, his conviction having evidently been ordered in advance by the Sultan.

The statistics presented at the International Sunday-school Convention, recently held at Toronto, show that there are in the world, so far as known, 1,551,768 Sunday-school teachers and 12,919,778 scholars, the United States alone having 84,730 schools, 932,283 teachers and 7,753,118 scholars. The influence upon the world's history of such a body of fourteen millions and a half of men, women and children engaged in the study of sacred truth and the work of evangelization can neither be computed nor imagined.

The laying of the corner-stone of a cotton-mill at Calais, Maine, recently, was made the occasion of a grand popular demonstration—the initiation of the enterprise being regarded as the beginning of a new era in the industries of that section. It is said that there is not a cotton factory in the United States east of the west bank of the Kennebec River, and the location of one on the St. Croix, which forms our eastern boundary, is certainly an event of interest. With abundant water-power and cheap labor, and both rail and water communications, why should not manufacturing industries prosper in Eastern Maine as well as in Massachusetts?

It is said that anti-monopoly leagues have been established in every Assembly district in the State of New York. These leagues look to the prevention of corporation extortions, and the protection of the rights of the people against unwarrantable invasions by combinations of capital. The object is a good one; but how long will it be before that object is lost sight of in the effort of the managers of the movement to turn it to some personal or partisan account? Every previous attempt of this sort to reform the abuses complained of has sooner or later run into politics and been swamped, and some of the persons who figure in the present movement are suspected, perhaps not unjustly, of a desire to promote their individual or party interests under the cloak of seeming concern for those of the people.

The Virginia "straight-out" Republicans have lost whatever advantage they may have gained by anticipating the regular meeting of the State Central Committee, and calling a convention opposed to a coalition with the Readjusters. At the meeting of the State Central Committee, last week, all the work of the "straight-outs" was undone, and a call for a Liberal Convention, to be held at Lynchburg on August 10th, was agreed upon. It is expected that a majority of the delegates elected to this convention will favor co-operation with the Readjusters; and if this shall prove to be the fact, the bulk of the Republican vote will no doubt be secured for the Mahone ticket in the coming election. What attitude the Ad-

ministration will assume as to the controversy is yet to be seen; if it should stand aloof entirely, perhaps no real public interest would suffer detriment.

The Star Route thieves are very anxious to get rid of Attorney-General McVeagh, and are doing everything in their power to drive him out of the Cabinet. Every day or two a fresh report is sent to the country that his official course is offensive to the President, that he is obnoxious to certain of his Cabinet associates, and that his resignation, if not tendered, will be demanded. In all this chaff of rumor there is not a grain of fact. The Attorney-General is in entire accord with the President; he has the sympathy of the Cabinet in his war upon the Star Route plunderers, and he will neither resign nor be removed. He will remain just where he is, doing his whole duty spite of the abuse of Brady's organs and henchmen, and if he does not secure the punishment of the guilty members of the "Ring," the result, we may be sure, will be due to other considerations than want of fidelity or absence of efficiency on his part in the management of the prosecution.

There are some indications that the Independent or Liberal movement in Georgia may become a factor of some importance in the politics of the State. The movement apparently has the sympathy of some influential Democrats, among whom are Representatives Spear and Alexander H. Stephens, and it is said that the former, who was chosen to Congress with the aid of the Republicans, may vote with that party in the election of Speaker of the House. However this may be, it is plain that the so-called Bourbon element is becoming uneasy at the prospect of a disintegration of the party strength. Georgia is, in some respects, in advance of any other State, not only in intelligent, well-directed enterprise, but in the growth and progress of liberal ideas; and an honestly-conducted movement, looking to the establishment of a new party based on the questions of to-day rather than on those of a dead past, could scarcely fail to unsettle permanently the existing order of things.

ANOTHER specimen "Star" route is exposed by the New York Times from details gathered from the Post Office Department. The route was located in Indian Territory, was 724 miles long, and was totally unnecessary—350 miles of it being through an uninhabited country. The letter mail averaged only two letters to the round trip, and these could have been delivered by other and shorter routes. The route was originally let for some \$6,300 a year, at which rate it would have yielded \$17,406 for the two years and nine months it was operated; but, by increasing the number of trips and by decreasing the time allowed, Brady secured for the fortunate contractor, during the term that his contract was allowed to go on, more than a quarter of a million of dollars, or, in exact figures, \$261,000. That is to say, the Government actually paid \$15 for every dollar which it originally agreed to pay. The Postmaster-General has very properly discontinued some 350 miles of this remarkable route, and at the same time has reduced the pay on the remainder to about \$12,000 per year.

It is to be hoped that the indictment of Senator Sessions for bribery, by the Grand Jury at Albany, will result in establishing the precise truth as to the charge made by Assemblyman Bradley. If it can be conclusively shown that the Senator is guilty of the crime with which he is charged, he should be convicted and punished; but if he is innocent, the fact should be clearly ascertained, to the end that his reputation may not suffer unjustly. It is difficult, however, to see how any conclusive judgment in the case can be arrived at, since it is not pretended that any testimony can be produced outside of Bradley's mere assertion. Of course, the previous career of the accused, as well as of the accuser, will be taken into account in the trial, and perhaps the conclusion of the jury will be, after all, mainly influenced by considerations of credibility rather than by the direct statements of the principal witness. What the public desires is that the facts shall be elicited, and it should be the effort of all parties to reach this result. To this end, all political prejudices and resentments must be rigidly excluded from the Bench and jury-box—if that, indeed, is possible.

WHEN one hundred dollars will pay the expenses of fifty sick children and their mothers for a week at a seaside sanitarium, it is surprising that in a wealthy city like this, any sick woman or child should be deprived of the pleasures of pure air and the invigorating breezes of the sea. There are several seaside nurseries or sanitariums at which the expense of caring for poor and sick children is merely nominal, and every year hundreds of lives are saved by the timely intervention of these practical charities. Vastly more might be done, however, in this direction than has yet been attempted, and our wealthy classes could not more fitly signalize their sympathy with the sufferings of the poor and unfortunate than by contributing to the establishment of additional institutions of this class, and to the enlargement of the facilities of those which already exist. Among the sanitariums now in operation are those at Rockaway, Bath and Coney Island—the latter under control of the Brooklyn Children's Society, and that at Bath under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society of New York. A nursery will shortly be opened by the St. John's Guild at Cedar Grove, Long Island, in which there will be accommodations for one hundred and sixty beds for mothers, and the same number of cribs for children.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

More than 1,400 new post-offices have been established in the past year.

The Republicans of Iowa have nominated Mr. B. R. Sherman for Governor.

Secretary Hunt has appointed a board of officers to consider plans for an increased navy.

The commission of Senator Robertson as Collector of the Port of New York was signed June 29th.

The irregularities in the San Francisco Mint are to be investigated by ex-Senator Ramsey for the Government.

MINNESOTA promises, this year, a wheat crop of 45,000,000 bushels—an increase over last year, with a reduced acreage.

The Secretary of the Interior says he has no reason to anticipate any trouble from the Utes in their removal to the new reservation.

SECRETARY WINDOM is so overrun with office-seekers that he is talking of establishing a system of rigid examination to get rid of applicants.

DURING the six months ending June 30th, a total of 241,498 immigrants landed at Castle Garden against 176,985 for the same period last year.

The congregation of Mayor Kallio, of San Francisco, have asked him not to be a candidate for office, and he has answered that he will not run for office again.

The United States steamer *Alliance* sailed from St. John, N. F., June 29th, on her Arctic voyage. After coaling at Spitzbergen she will commence the search for the missing *Jeannette*.

A STORM in Washington, June 27th, unroofed 200 buildings, destroyed 1,300 shade trees, demolished 400 street lamps, and did other damage—the total being estimated at \$1,000,000.

The Cabinet has agreed that Railway Auditor French must be removed for the offense of having written a letter, when on Government business, in the interest of the Central Pacific Railroad.

WITH regard to the Indian Territory troubles, the Attorney-General has rendered an opinion that it is the duty of the Interior Department to remove intruders from the Choctaw and Chickasaw lands.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD will visit Clyde, Ohio, on the 22d of July to be present at the unveiling of the MacPherson statue. On the 23d he will attend a reunion of his old regiment, the Forty-second Ohio, at Galion.

The Grand Jury at Albany have indicted A. D. Barber, Edward R. Phelps and Charles A. Edwards for alleged attempts to bribe Members of the Legislature. All have pleaded not guilty, and given bail to appear for trial in September.

The Agricultural Department estimates the annual yield of wine in the United States at 23,453,827 gallons, valued at \$13,426,174.87. The acreage devoted to grape culture is 181,583. California produces two-thirds of the wine of the country.

The United States Minister to Peru has been instructed to recognize the Provisional Government. The Peruvian Congress met on June 7th, and the Calderon Government is in full operation. A Chilean envoy has arrived in Lima to adjust a permanent peace.

The explosion of a powder-house in Tucson, Arizona, on the 28th ultimo, caused wide devastation. All the windows in the city were broken, doors were burst in, and crockery stocks demolished. The County Hospital was ruined, but none of the patients were injured.

FOR the last three years the aggregate amount appropriated for pensions is \$166,159,507, an average of about \$55,500,000 per annum. Under the Arrears Act, it is probable that the pension charge will for a time exceed that for interest on the public debt, which this year is about \$85,000,000.

AFTER a protracted litigation, Judge Barnett, last week, gave a decision in the New York Supreme Court decreeing the sale of the Madame Jumel property, the possession of which has been contested by her heirs since 1865. The property consists of 1,400 lots in different parts of New York City.

GOVERNOR CORNELL has vetoed the Bill passed by the New York Legislature prohibiting the use of evidence of spies and informers, on the ground that it is opposed to the long acquiesced in principle of allowing courts of justice to hear all kinds of competent evidence so that the courts may judge of its sufficiency.

The Senatorial struggle at Albany continued last week without change until Friday, when Platt was withdrawn, and his vote was given to Richard Crowley, a "Stalwart." Mr. Depew's vote reached 61, while that of Mr. Wheeler fell off to 38. Mr. Conkling's vote declined to 28. A conference of the belligerents is talked of.

It is said to be the intention of Mr. James to put his civil-service ideas in practice in the Post-Office Department by placing the bureau work in charge of young men. He believes with many business men that, for the supervision of subordinate work, young men are more serviceable than any others. Other and lighter work will be given to those who have been long in the service.

##### Foreign.

The International Monetary Conference re-assembled in Paris, June 30th.

RECENT anti-foreign demonstrations at Pekin, China, led to official proclamations forbidding hostility to foreigners.

THIRTEEN hundred sheep, with their shepherds, have been overwhelmed by an avalanche in the Canton of Grisons, Switzerland.

ARRESTS under the Socialist law are being made at Dresden and Leipzig. Two deputies have been arrested and others are said to have escaped to America.

HERR MOST, editor of the London *Freiheit*, has been sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment for the articles "inciting to murder" the present Czar.

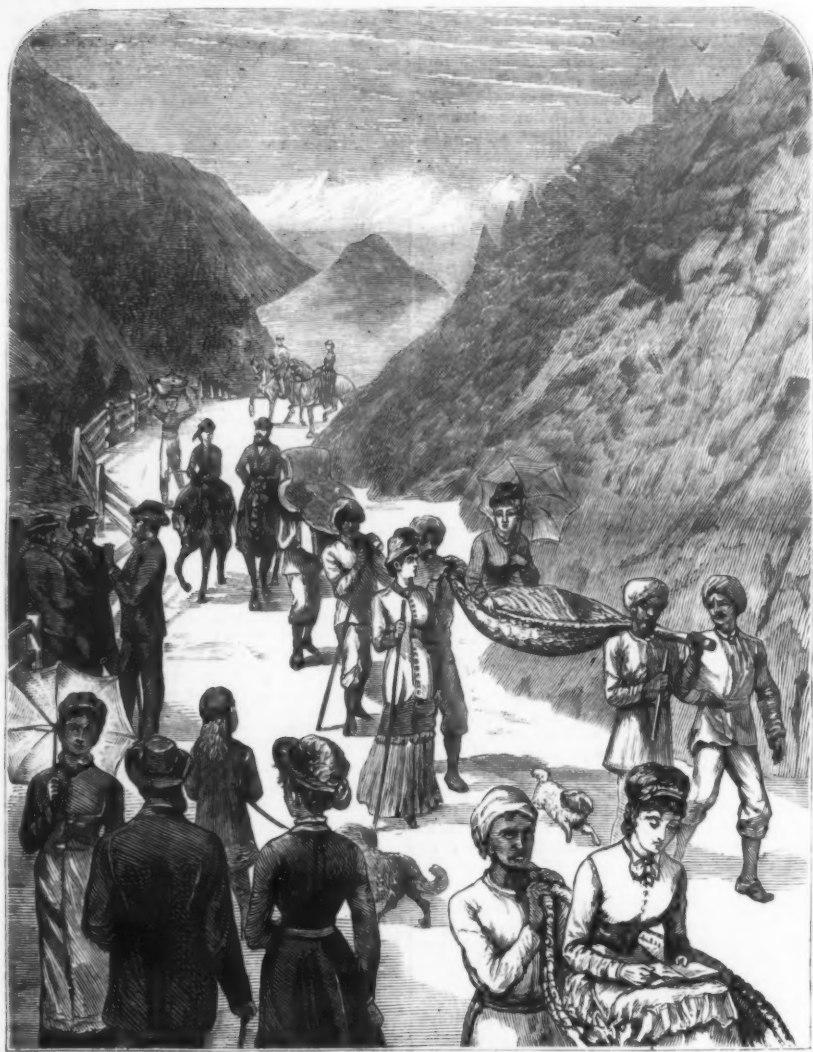
The Land League leaders advise the Irish electors to organize for the defeat of Liberal members of Parliament who have secured election through their votes.

A DECREE has been issued in St. Petersburg ordering that all executions shall hereafter be carried out privately, and that the condemned be conveyed to the place of execution in covered wagons.

THERE have been serious disturbances in Prague, Bohemia, growing out of demonstrations by the Czechs against the German students. Several persons were badly injured. The journals of Prague are so anti-German in tone that all have been seized. The University of Prague has been closed.



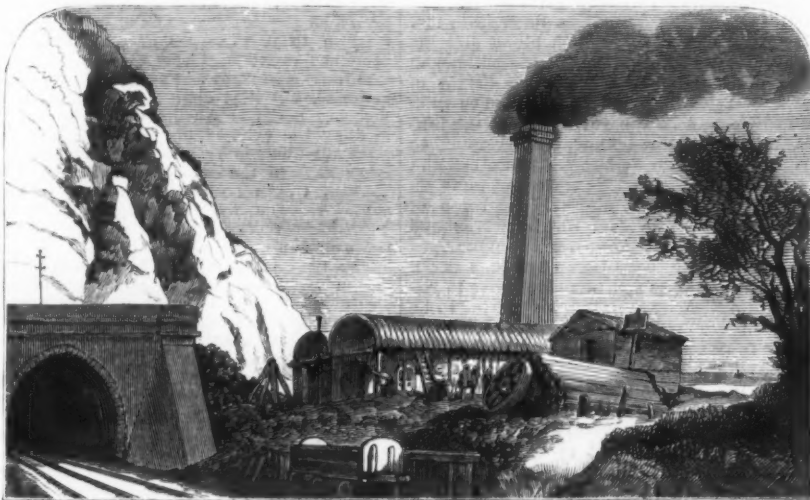
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 331.



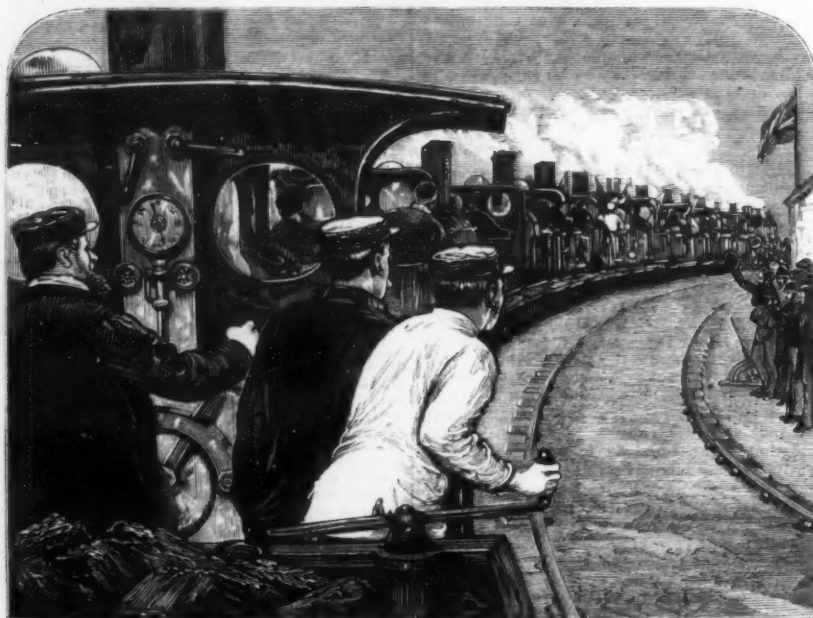
INDIA.—AN AFTERNOON PROMENADE IN THE HIMALAYAS.



THE PROPOSED CHANNEL TUNNEL.—NESS POINT, ENGLISH COAST.



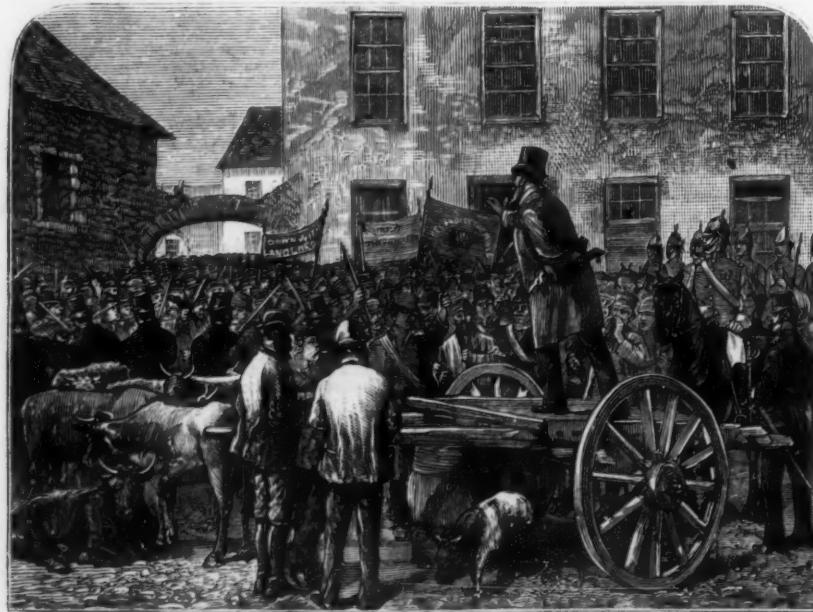
THE PROPOSED CHANNEL TUNNEL.—ABBOT'S CLIFF TUNNEL, ENGLISH COAST.



ENGLAND.—PROCESSION OF LOCOMOTIVES ON THE STEPHENSON CENTENARY.



RUSSIA.—THE ARSENAL AT KIEV DURING THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

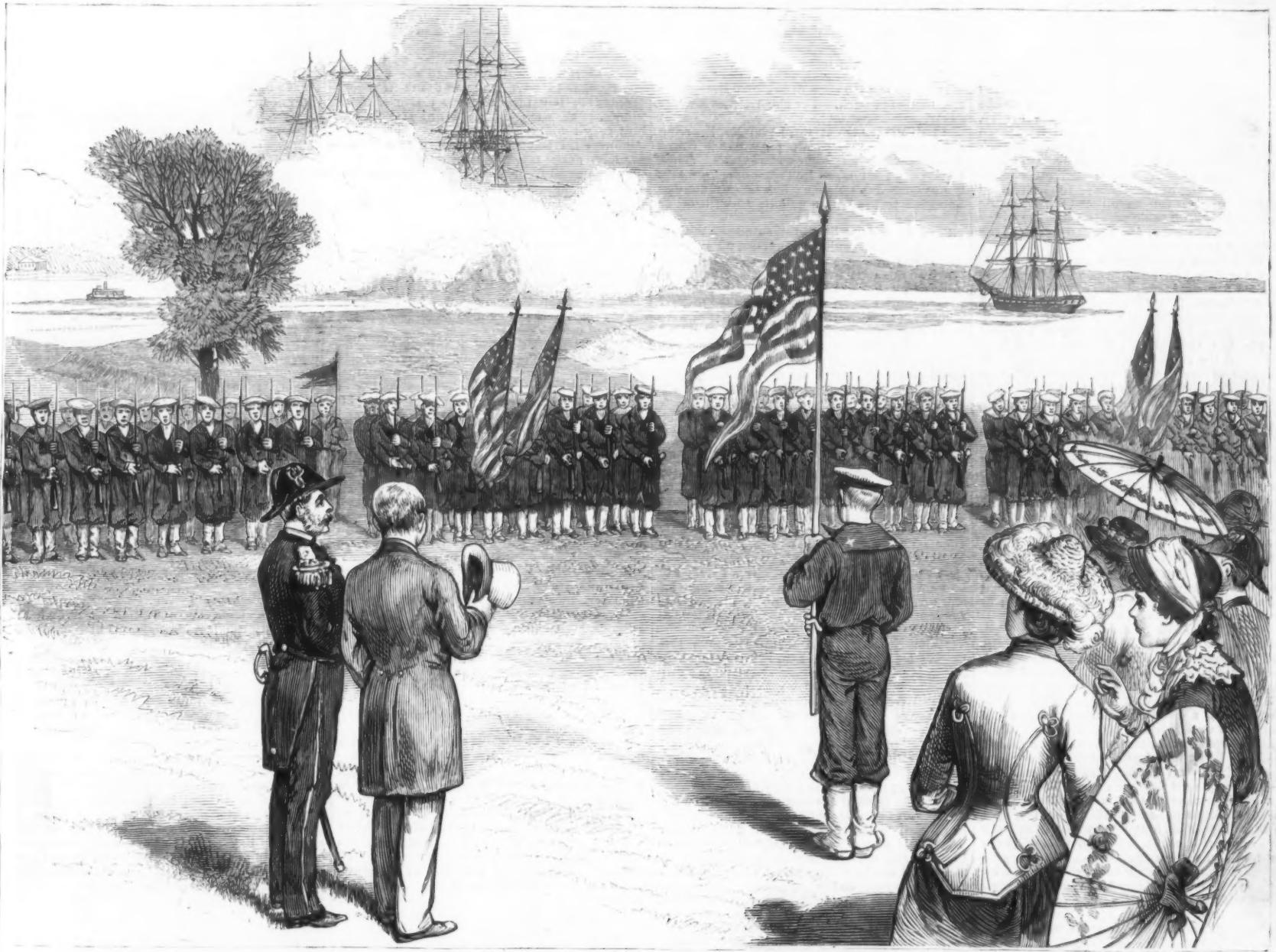


IRELAND.—A SHERIFF'S SALE OF CATTLE TO PAY RENT.

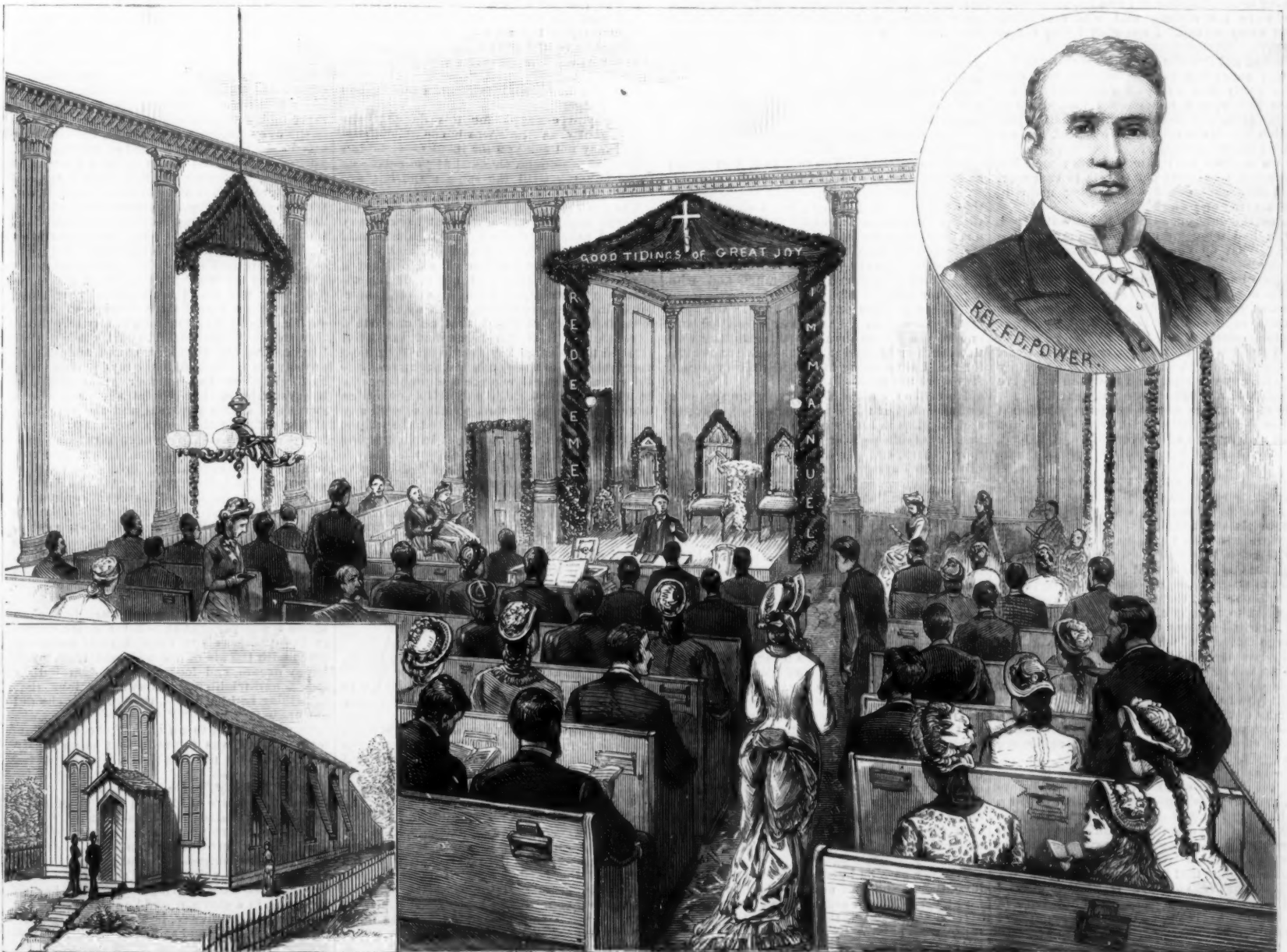


GERMANY.—A HAIR-DRESSING COMPETITION IN BERLIN.





RHODE ISLAND.—REVIEW AND DRILL OF U. S. MARINES AND APPRENTICE BOYS AT NEWPORT, JUNE 23D.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 331.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE CAMPBELLITE CHURCH, ON VERMONT AVENUE, AT WHICH THE PRESIDENTIAL FAMILY WORSHIP.—FROM PHOTOS BY J. F. JARVIS.—SEE PAGE 331.



## WHAT SHOULD SHE HAVE DONE?

It was upon a lovely night in August of last year that all the upper-tendom of Newport were gathered to the cottage-warming given by Mrs. Van Valen, widow of the Richard Van Valen who did "that sharp little stroke of business in the Street" on Black Friday. The so-called cottage was a palatial Queen Anne mansion, standing in a miniature wood, which screened it from the vulgar gaze of the frequenters of the Ocean Drive; ribbon-borders worthy of the looms of Lyons, fringed velvet swards even as billiard-tables, while iridescent beds of table-plants were the glory of a Scotch gardener, and the envy even of the Belmonts and Astors.

The cottage-warming was paying a double debt, for Miss Van Valen was a *débutante*, having just returned from Europe, where she had been "crammed" by learned professors until she was educated to the very tips of her pink, almond-shaped finger-nails. Five hundred people had been bidden to come and behold her in all the radiant glories of a toilet by M. Worth, and five hundred people responded to the summons—five hundred of the *crème de la crème* of the inner circle of society.

With that fashionable and animated crowd this tale has but little to do, since it deals with but four individuals of the half thousand—Annie and Mamie Irwin, and George Fearling and Harry Wentmore. The two girls are sisters. Annie is dark, Mamie is fair; both are pretty and piquant. George Fearling is a superb specimen of muscular Christianity—he is a clergyman.

Harry Wentmore is a gentleman of leisure, who yachts in American waters in Summer, and repairs to Pau in Winter for the hunting. He has had his way in all things since a great big silver spoon was thrust into his mouth at his birth, and his motto is *Sic volo, sic jubeo*—"What I will, shall be done."

The young clergyman had met Mamie Irwin, and had come face to face with his fate. With ample means, and of a family that could trace back to within a boat's length of the *Mayflower*, he made "quick running" with his wooing, and almost ere Mamie realized the fact, she was engaged to him, with the full assent and approval of the relatives on all sides.

Harry Wentmore had danced with her at a hop at the Ocean House, met her at a lawn-tennis party next day—the circle at Newport is very circumscribed—at a polo match upon the day following, at an afternoon tea, at a cottage hop, and found that her Irish gray eyes and soft winsome ways proved a witchery for him and wove a spell such as no effort on his part could possibly shiver. Going with the stream is much easier than pulling against it, and with the current Mr. Wentmore allowed his boat to drift. What cared he that Miss Irwin was engaged to another man? The fact only lent an additional piquancy of flavor to the *bonne bouche*.

"At last you are here," said Wentmore, coming to meet Mamie. "I had begun to think you were not coming, and was meditating going away myself. I am glad I was not so hasty."

He had got into the habit of speaking to her in this tone; but no one outside her own home party had ever so addressed Mamie Irwin before, and her cheeks flamed up in answer to it. She looked round in half-apprehension lest Annie might have heard, and answered him reprovingly.

"We are not very late, I think; and, Mr. Wentmore, you ought not to talk in that way. What difference could our coming make in your staying or going?"

"Just the difference that you know it would. If you had not come I should certainly have gone. What do you suppose I came to this ball for?"

Mamie looked up at him, blushing still. "To dance, I suppose," she said, trying to speak as gravely as before, but smiling a little in spite of herself. "Is not that what one generally comes to a ball for?" And he smiled too, a smile which made her rosier than ever.

"Quite right. To dance with you. Certainly not with any one else. And now you will give me this waltz? Let me see your card."

He took it from her as he spoke, slipping it off her delicate little wrist with a touch too quick and light to be prevented; and, indeed, Mamie made no effort to do so. She was beginning to feel that it was all wrong somehow; that she had no right to allow Wentmore to speak to her in this manner and to possess himself of her property, writing his name at various places on it as coolly as if both it and she were his own to do with as he pleased. She felt, too, that George Fearling would be displeased if he knew it; but she made no effort to assert herself, notwithstanding; or if she did, one look from Wentmore's eyes was sufficient to melt it all away. She had only met him half a dozen times in all, and yet the strange influence which he had over her made her feel, in his presence, as though she had no will of her own to assert, and must needs do as he wished, whatever that wish might lead to. It was like a kind of dream, a foolish, dangerous dream—but, ah, such a pleasant one; and, after all, the awakening would come soon and she would never see him again.

George would have all the rest of her life, and, besides, she was not robbing him of anything now. She was not doing anything wrong. He had liked to dance with her himself in his ante-clerical days, and how could she prevent other people from doing so now? She had not altered since then. Nevertheless, down in her heart she knew that it was not right.

"How grave you are looking to-night," said Wentmore, as he came up to her, later in the evening, to claim one of the dances he had marked as his own. "What were you thinking of just now? That you would rather have danced this with Mr. Fearling, and that

I have forestalled him? But that was his fault. Do you think I would let any man forestall me in a thing I cared for? Besides, I am only here for such a little while. You need not grudge it me."

Such a little while! Why did Mamie's heart sink so absurdly at the words, when they were but the echo of her own thoughts a few moments back. Yet she tried to answer gayly.

"I don't grudge it you; and Mr. Fearling did not want this. He does not dance round dances since he has been a clergyman. When I keep one for him, as I do sometimes, we talk it out—we don't dance; but he is much too unselfish to prevent my doing so with other people."

"He is a saint," said Wentmore, with a sneer, which he could not repress, "I am not; and if you were engaged to me—you needn't blush so; you are quite bewitching enough as it is, and I know how ridiculous the opposition sounds—but if you were engaged to me, I would not let any other living man dance with you; and no church or clergy, or anything else, should prevent me from doing so myself. I admire the greater coolness of Mr. Fearling's blood intensely; but I am not a humbug, you see. In his place I could no more emulate him than fly."

"But, indeed, he is quite right," said Mamie, earnestly. She was feeling, more than ever, that this was all wrong, and it was a comfort to her to be able to stand up for George. "It is not that he thinks there would be any harm in his dancing; but his parishioners would be scandalized by it, and he is so much too broad for them in other things, that he does not mind giving up a trifle like this which only affects his own pleasure. Yes, I think he is better than you," and she looked up, trying to speak playfully, "for I assure you he used to be very fond of waltzing; and, as he knows I am, too, he would never be unkind enough to prevent me doing it, just because I belonged to him."

"And I would," said Wentmore, in a low voice. He had put his arm round her waist, and was whirling her round the room in those long, smooth circles which made dancing with him so easy, and whose gliding, swaying motion never interfered with speech as other men's dancing did. His head was bent over hers, too, so that she could hear his murmured words quite distinctly, though the music sweeping round them like a song-wind rendered them inaudible to every one else.

"Do you think if a woman belonged to me—a woman I loved as I should love her—that I could bear to see her in another man's arms? Not that I would be 'unkind,' as you call it. I would not prevent her from dancing with the whole world if she wished to do so, but I don't know—I fancy somehow"—his eyes resting on the fair, flushed face as it almost touched his shoulder—"that she would not wish it. What do you think, Miss Irwin?"

They had paused a moment to gather breath, and she was standing, leaning on his arm, in the embrasure of a window. The pathetic music of the "Sweethearts' Waltz" still swelled over every sound, and the dancers whirled past them like a cloud of snowflakes in a fairy pantomime, white and rose and gold-colored. Mamie felt a swift, keen pain at her heart. Did he think her wrong to dance then? There were actual tears in her eyes, though she did not know it, as she looked up and asked him:

"Are you engaged, Mr. Wentmore?"

"For what?"

"To be married. You talk as if you were; and—but perhaps I ought not to ask you."

"There is nothing you ought not to ask, or that I would not answer; yet I should have thought you knew the reply to that. No, I am not engaged to be married, Miss Irwin. What made you think so?"

"You talked as if—as if there were some one for whom you cared very much and who cared for you."

"There is some one for whom I care very much, more than I have ever cared for any one before—more than I care for anything on this earth or beyond it; but she does not care for me. I am nothing to her, less than nothing. If it were not so—"

He broke off abruptly, leaving the sentence unfinished; but there was something so bitter and hopeless in his tone that it made that new unaccountable pain at Mamie's heart keener than before, and her sweet eyes were full of involuntary sympathy as they met his.

"Mr. Wentmore, I am so sorry. I wish I had not asked you," she said, gently. "I think she ought to care for you; but—but if she did—the uneasy feeling of a few moments back returning to her and making her hesitate."

"Yes, if she did?" he put in, laying his hand for a second on the one which rested on his arm as if to encourage her to go on.

"Should you think less of her if she liked to dance with other people?"

"No, decidedly."

"But—"

"Well, I know what you mean, Miss Irwin; you may laugh at me if you please, you who have just made me own that I love a woman who cares nothing for me, and to whom I am no more than a passing acquaintance; but that is simply my luck in life, the luck I have been cursed with ever since I was born. Still, if it were different, if this woman," again touching the little hand with the momentary caress of a finger-tip, "loved me, could love me at all, I would try to make her do it so well that she could not bear to dance with any one else except me—so well that by her own free will I should hold her in all things as mine and mine only."

Mamie's gaze had grown dreamy. This was love, then. She had never understood it before; yet it did not seem unreasonable to her—from him. Only—the unsatisfied doubt still tormenting her—if he felt so, what must he think of her love and her? Involuntarily her face paled and saddened and her lips quivered.

"Then do you think—" She paused timidly to steady her voice, and the sentence altered itself. "If you think so, I ought not to dance with you; I ought not to dance with any one."

Harry Wentmore looked down at her—a swift, searching glance as if to see whether she spoke in sarcasm; but the innocent trouble in her face answered him without words. She went on more quickly, though still very timidly:

"Indeed, I think if you feel so, you should not have asked me. I never thought of it in that way; and George—Mr. Fearling does not. I am sure he does not. He likes to see me dance—he has often said so. He does not feel as you do."

"You are right; he does not feel as I do, and he could not if he tried," said Harry, bitterly. "But why do you talk as if I were blaming you? I am not Mr. Fearling. The woman who loved me would do and like what I liked through the very power of her love. How can you do better than as he likes? And as to not asking you to dance, if asking could keep you from dancing with any one else, and make you dance with me as often as I wished—"

Some one pressed up against them, and he broke off abruptly and was silent; but there was something in the tightening of his arm, as he put it round her and whirled her away again, which finished his sentence without any words.

They did not stop to speak again till the cessation of the music brought the dance to a close; but one or two people noted the rapt, excited face of the handsome young man, and the almost painful flush on Mamie's usually pearl-like cheek; noted, too, the way in which, when the waltz was over, he kept her on his arm; not speaking to her even then, but with an air as though he were guarding her from every one else. Annie, who had been dancing with Fred, heard a jesting word of comment on the pair, and turned first pale and then scarlet with wounded pride and anger. She was restless till she could see her sister for herself, and when she did so there was something in the dreamy, far-away happiness on Mamie's face, which made her sister uneasy without knowing why.

Annie got near her as soon as she could, and whispered:

"Are you tired, dear? You look as if you were."

"Oh, no!" said Mamie, smiling, though in the same dreamy way, and Wentmore's brow slightly darkened.

He could not bear Annie, and seemed to guess her motive in seeking her sister. That tall, slight figure, like a young palm-tree beside a birch, had an air of protection which irritated him; and he met the pure, grave youthfulness of her face with an almost angry look.

"If you feel the heat, Miss Irwin, come into the hall; it is cooler there," he said, addressing Mamie; and just then another dance tune struck up, and a friend came to claim Annie as his partner.

She still lingered for a moment, however.

"If you are not engaged for this dance, Mamie, do you mind going to speak to Mrs. Jones. She is just over there and has a message for you. The Haverlys saw her several times in London."

Harry looked down into Mamie's fair flushed face.

"Are you engaged for this dance?" he asked, gently, as Annie was borne off. "I suppose I may not ask you for it. Mrs. Grundy's principles would be shocked at your dancing twice running with the same man; but are you engaged to any one else?"

The flush mounted higher in Mamie's cheek. She was engaged, and a moment back if any one had asked her the question, she would have said so without hesitation, and would have felt astonished and a little indignant if her expected cavalier had not made his appearance promptly. Now, however, something in Wentmore's tone, quiet as it was—some inflection, so slight that no ear could have caught it if the heart had not been attuned to the same key—made her long most unreasonably to answer in the negative. She did not ask herself whence the impulse came or what it implied. She only felt somehow as though she never wished to dance with any one again; and she almost hated the eager, red-faced little man who was even then trying to make his way to her in the crowd. The reluctance in her eyes as she lifted them to Wentmore's was plain enough to him. He felt his pulses beating faster as she answered:

"Yes, to Major Hancock. He asked me when I met him in the hall, and I could not refuse. I wish—"

"Do you mean you wish you had not done so—that you would rather not dance it?"

The interruption came almost in a whisper, but there was no mistaking the earnestness of it. Mamie was still looking into his eyes, and again hers spoke for her before her lips.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, quite." This time she said it quickly, for Major Hancock was coming near, though as yet he had not seen her. "I—Annie was right—I am tired, after all. I would rather rest."

"Then most decidedly you shall. Stay; come out here from the crush; the air will refresh you, and you can't be so easily followed and persecuted."

They were standing close to an open window, and, as he spoke, he stepped across the threshold, drawing her with him, and led her on to the terrace without. The moonlight was lying white on it, and touching the rounded tops of the trees and the river flowing at the bottom of the garden, as with molten silver. The warm air was faint with the scent of flowers and of new-mown hay from the meadows at the back of the house. A big moth flew by, brushing the soft silence of its wings against Mamie's cheek, and making her shrink a little closer to her companion; and the first

notes of the dance floated out through the long row of open windows and hushed the murmur of the tongues within.

Wentmore caught up a little shawl which was lying on one of the chairs scattered about over the terrace, and threw it over Mamie's shoulders.

"If you stand there, Major Hancock will spy you out in another minute and pursue you," he said, playfully. "Come down into the garden; it will be cooler there, as I see two or three other people have had the sense to find out already. What a perfect night it is, and how pretty that girl's white figure looks through the trees!" He spoke gayly so as to silence any scruples she might have, and it had the desired effect. She hesitated for a second, but the air felt so sweet and fresh after the crowded rooms; and, besides, if other people had already wandered out into the garden, what harm could there be in her doing the same?

"Only we must not stay long," she said; and Harry took the implied consent, and let the proviso pass by.

The pleasures of life were the matters most important to him. Their conditions he generally put on one side. He had never felt better satisfied than now, and in the fullness of his content began to talk to her of other things, of Summer ramblings in Greece and happy days beside the blue waves of the Adriatic Sea, chaining her attention with jest and anecdote and reminiscence, while he deftly led her from one winding flower-fringed walk to another till they had left the house and the other wandering couples far behind; and only a few stray notes of the music came now and then like a melodious tremble on the breeze to them, and filled up the breaks in the song of a nightingale hidden in the thick-leaved boughs overhead. Mamie stopped suddenly, and looked back.

"Ought we not to turn?" she said, rather timidly, and making a motion as though to draw her hand from his arm; but Wentmore would not let it go.

"We are close to the water," he answered.

"Let us go on and have a look at it. It would be a shame to turn back without doing so. See there, through the boughs, the gleaming of the moonbeams on it, and whoever dreamt of anything sweeter than the scent of those limes?"

Not Mamie, at any rate. It seemed to her as if all Nature were steeped in sweetness at that moment—such a sweetness as she might have felt in dreams before, but never when awake, and she dreaded awakening from it now. They were at the entrance of an avenue of lime-trees in full flower; the emerald foliage pierced here and there by a silver rain of moonlight, forming a closely-woven arch overhead, and girdling the knotted roots with a living wreath of verdure, sprinkled here and there with argent fire. She let him lead her along till they came to a bend in the path, where the trees on one side made a break so as to allow for a low, stone parapet overlooking the depths of the river below.

On the opposite side of it the banks were steep and sharp and wooded densely to the summit, purple-black against a sapphire sky. The water beneath them looked of an ebony blackness, too-deep, transparent and mysterious, with far away in the most shadowy corner one white swan floating in the darkness like a spirit-bird. To the right, however, the river took a sudden curve, and from a break in the overhanging woods above, the climbing moon shed down on it a flood of crystal light, pure and white and glittering as a shower of diamonds. They two, standing there in the soft and fragrant shadow, looked out upon it, not speaking nor moving, both too content with the utter beauty of things to care for more than the mere enjoyment of them. One of Mamie's hands still rested on Wentmore's arm; the other, white and slender as a snowflake, she had laid on the worn gray stones of the parapet. Her fair small head, the waving locks closely bound with a thick wreath of honeysuckle, was bent rather forward, gazing down the stream. The shawl had partly fallen from her, leaving one shoulder, round and fair as any carved pearl, bare in the mystic shimmering half-light. She had another great bunch of honeysuckle in her bosom shedding out a sweet and subtle perfume, and the soft folds of her saffron-tinted gown were fastened at her waist by a slender golden girdle. Wentmore could not take his eyes off her. She was so near him that his shoulder almost touched hers; and he half-wondered that she did not feel the fierce beating of his heart against the little hand which rested so trustfully on his arm; that she did not start when gently, gently he crossed his other above it so that his right hand covered and closed upon hers, though with a touch so cautious that it would scarce have scared a butterfly.

"Mamie," he said.

She did start now. He had scarcely spoken above a whisper, but he felt the quick flutter at her pulse as she drew herself suddenly erect with the air of one awakened from some happy dream, and looked up at him with a quick, half-frightened glance, conscious that something had been said, though what she did not know.

"Ought we not to go back?" she said, flusteringly. "I was forgetting—it is so lovely here. But is it not late? Mr. Wentmore, we must go!"

"Not just yet." He spoke in the same tone, the pressure of his hand strengthening on hers as she tried to draw herself away. "Why should we? Are you in a hurry to return to that stifling, crowded room? Surely it is sweeter here, unless—" and then as she did not answer, his voice altered suddenly, and he dropped her hand, moving away from her as he added, in a sharp, raised key: "Sweeter for me, perhaps you'll say, however. Ay, you're right, too; sweet and selfish both. I had forgotten your partners, who are probably becoming frantic for you by this time, and your



own natural impatience to return to them. How disgusted you must have been feeling at my obtuseness!"

"Indeed, no!" she said, looking up at him with a world of guileless pleading in her sweet blue gray eyes. She was overwrought, the fierce change in his voice and manner had frightened her, and her lip quivered like a scolded child. "I was not thinking of them. I would far rather be here if they were all—"

"What is 'all,' then? Is it your lover you are thinking of? Surely, he is not so jealous that he cannot spare you for half an hour when he can have you every other day, and all day if he pleases. Forgive me, though," as he saw a conscious flush rise and mantle in her cheeks. "I will take you back to him this minute if you wish it. Do you? Tell me?"

He had taken her hand again as he asked it, and was looking in her face. The climbing moon, mounting higher and higher above the trees, sent down broken reflects of light through the fragrant lime-boughs upon her saffron gown, the rounded curves of waist and limb, the shy, reluctant trouble in her sweet, young face.

"He does not want me. He is never jealous. Do not talk about him so, please."

"Forget him, then, for just five minutes more, and give those minutes to me. Only five minutes! It is not much out of your life; not too much to ask, is it?"

"Five minutes? No."

"Five minutes, then," and as he spoke he let her go, and they stood side by side again, silent as before, his eyes on her; hers, full of a strange dawning fear and trouble, wandering vaguely over the dark woods and moonlit stream. She was conscious that his gaze was on her now—conscious that, let her return when she might, it could never be to the old life, the old, tranquil feelings. All of a sudden a river broader than that beneath her seemed to have opened between her and them, and from across it the faces of her mother and Annie gazed at her with pale, reproachful horror. She felt as if she were on the edge of a precipice, as if a breath would send her headlong down it. Not two minutes of the five had passed, when she turned and faced Wentmore, flushing and trembling from head to foot.

"Please let me go now. I must go back—indeed, I must."

The climbing moon, mounting higher and higher above the trees, let one long shaft fall like a sword athwart the distressed quiver on her brow, the liquid pitiful eyes; the honey-suckles on her breast rising and falling with the rapid beating of her heart; the roses dying out of her cheeks and lips as she spoke. He had been going to remonstrate, but the sight of her agitation checked him.

"You are cold," he said, quickly. "What a brute I was not to see it sooner, and the dew falling on this little head all the time. Good heaven, if I have made you ill shall I ever forgive myself?"

"He caught up the light, knitted shawl she wore as he spoke and wrapped it closely round her head and neck. His fingers touched her hair softly, and lingered for one moment upon her dainty chin as he knotted the fleecy folds beneath it with anxious care. Only a touch, but enough to send the rich blood mantling into her face again and a sudden light into her eyes such as had never shone there before—enough to make him cast the last remnants of honesty and prudence to the winds.

"My love!" he murmured, passionately—"my love that might have been: my only love now and always, Mamie!" And then he bent his face quickly upon hers and kissed her.

There was a man's step upon the gravel, a man's shadow long and black upon the moonlit path. Wentmore had barely time to loose the girl and steady her trembling fingers upon his arm, before some one came round the bend of the path, some one before whom Mamie shrank unmistakably and pitifully—George Fearing.

Wentmore was no coward, but if he had been, that girlish confession of fear—appealing to, not from him—would have made him brave. He drew her hand closer in his arm again, and faced her lover with a cool stare.

What should she have done under the circumstances?

#### REVIEW OF MARINES AND APPRENTICE BOYS, AT NEWPORT, R. I.

A BRIGADE landing and review of the marines and apprentice boys from the United States training fleet at anchor off Newport, R. I., took place on June 23d, in the presence of a vast assembly of cottagers and visitors. The harbor in front of the buildings on Coasters' Harbor Island was dotted with various steam and sailing vessels, together with a large number of rowboats. These, together with the boats loaded with marines and apprentice boys from the ships, made an unusual and a pleasing spectacle. Elegantly attired ladies, army and naval officials in uniform, municipal and State officials, occupied seats under the trees in front of the parade-ground and upon the piazza of the main building.

His Excellency Governor Littlefield and staff, accompanied by United States Senators Anthony and Burnside and Congressman Aldrich, and Adjutant General Burney, of the Rhode Island militia, drove up before the review, and were met by a guard of honor under command of Lieutenant Harrington. A salute of seventeen guns was immediately fired from the *Constitution*, in honor of the Governor of the State.

The line included four companies of marines made up from all the ships, under command of First Lieutenant Frank D. Webster. In addition to these, each of the four ships—the *Conbatan* not being a training vessel—sent four battalions of four companies each, the brigade being commanded by Lieutenant J. C. Soley. The marines did not pass in review until after the blue jackets had been dismissed. Captain Luce and his personal staff, together with a large number of guests, were at the reviewing post. Adjutant Davis kindly tendered the use of the First United States Artillery Band from Fort Adams for the review, the ship's band being engaged as stated above. The brigade was made up and formed in line of masses for review, and as it stood beneath the scorching rays of the sun it presented a very fine

appearance, the carbines of the men glistening like so many diamonds. Governor Littlefield then reviewed the line, after which the companies changed direction by left flank, which brought the whole brigade to face to the right. This over, they formed column in passing the reviewing officer, and immediately came to "right shoulder." The brigade then formed in line and went through the drill, the battalions firing alternately, with remarkable regularity and precision. Firing by companies was then ordered, which, to say the least, was more effective than firing by battalions. The companies next formed in columns of masses and afterwards in columns of fours. The marines went through with the regular infantry battalion review. This finished the first event of the kind that has taken place in this section of the country, and it is no exaggeration to state that it has never been equaled in the country. Captain Luce was heartily congratulated upon the success which attended the carrying out of his programme.

#### THE CHURCH ATTENDED BY PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

WE give on page 329 exterior and interior views of the Campbellite Church in Washington, D. C., at which President Garfield is an attendant, being a communicant of that denomination. The church edifice is located on Vermont Avenue, between N and O Streets, northwest, and is a plain and unpretending frame structure. The church lot has a frontage of eighty feet, and the building, which is about forty by sixty feet, with a gallery at the east end, occupies the centre of the lot. The church will seat about four hundred persons. The congregation has it in contemplation to erect a more commodious edifice, and hopes to raise \$50,000 for that purpose among members of the Campbellite denomination in the West and elsewhere. The present pastor of the church, Rev. F. D. Power, is about thirty years of age, a thoroughly educated clergyman, and was a professor in Bethany College, Bethany, West Virginia, when called to the pastorate. He is able, eloquent and brilliant—on of the first pulpits in the capital. He is greatly beloved by his people. He has occupied his present position since 1875, and under his ministrations the membership of the church has steadily increased, until now it numbers about three hundred and fifty. It has a Sunday-school numbering three hundred scholars and teachers.

#### The Ancient Residents of Mexico.

THERE is evidence sufficient to believe that a people such as the Toltecs existed; that they built cities and mounds, and, for want of a better name, we may designate them as Toltecs. It is believed, also, that the Aztecs, having found the remains of a Toltec civilization in Mexico, adapted themselves to it, and, notwithstanding their constant wars, had made considerable progress in the arts, previous to the conquest. The Toltecs, like the Romans, pushed their conquests into far-away lands, and made use of whatever material was in the country they located; but let it be noted that wherever they went, they adhered to the custom that distinguished them from all others, and that was in the building of mounds for the burial of their dead, and for temple sites. The Aztecs, being a degenerate branch of the same great family, finding the deserted pyramids and *teocallis* in the valley of Mexico (left by the Toltecs), with perhaps some of their best works of art, adopted them as their own, and made use of them in their forms of worship, and in the sacrificial customs peculiar to themselves. In no other way can we account for the wide dissimilarity of works of art found in close proximity. For instance, in the plaza of Mexico there were found such elaborate works of art as the calendar and sun stone in close connection with the rudest specimens of flint implements; the highly-polished obsidian mirrors and the flakes of chert and jasper, with celts, common to all of the ancient tribes of the continent.

#### The Electric Light in London.

THE electric light in London is undergoing a thorough test. From the southern side of Blackfriars Bridge to the eastern end of Cheapside the thoroughfare is brilliantly lighted by thirty-two electric lamps, each replacing five gas lamps. From London Bridge to the Mansion House thirty-two electric lamps are to be substituted for 138 gas lamps. The Jablockhoff system, when first introduced, cost at least four times as much as gas. The Brush light, after deducting the cost of providing and fixing the electric machinery and lamps and removing them at the expiration of the experiment, will cost, as nearly as possible, the same amount as has hitherto been paid for gas. The Siemens light, from London Bridge to the Mansion House, after making a similar deduction, shows a saving for the year over which the light is to be maintained of £600 as compared with gas; whilst the Lonten Company's system remains to be tried. Gas shareholders are, therefore, not unnaturally becoming again alarmed at the prospect before them.

#### The Trade and Manufactures of Pittsburg.

THE magnitude of the trade of Pittsburg is fairly indicated by the following figures, which embrace one week's operation: Fifty iron and steel rolling mills, containing over 1,000 puddling furnaces, turned out over 7,500 tons; thirteen crucible and seven open-hearth steel works produced 1,000 tons; thirteen blast furnaces (two more building) produced 8,000 tons of pig; two Bessemer steel works produced 4,000 tons. One of these—the Edgar Thompson—turns out a finished rail every minute. Shipments by rail, 7,000,000 tons and 1,500,000 bushels grain. The 6,500 ovens produced 10,000 tons of coke; tableware, lamps, etc., 1,100 tons; lamp-chimneys and reflectors, 1,000,000; window-glass, 21,000 boxes of fifty feet each. Sales and re-sales of petroleum, 7,000,000 barrels. Transfer of cattle at the East Liberty Stock-yards: Beesves, 7,000; hogs, 13,750; sheep, 17,000.

#### Transplanting Human Bone.

A REMARKABLE surgical operation is reported from Europe. It had never before been attempted, and was described to the Royal Society in London by Dr. MacEwen. The patient, a child of three years, was afflicted with necrosis of the humerus, which, being translated out of the surgeons' argot, means a sort of gangrene or death of the long bone between the elbow and shoulder. When the disease had run its course two-thirds of the shaft was wanting, and nature had made no attempt to supply the deficiency. The object aimed at was nothing less than the transplantation of bone. Any doctor up to the times will readily undertake to transplant, or "graft," skin to heal large wounds, and in one case, a few surgeons pour blood from vein to vein, almost as readily as from pitcher to pitcher. But to transplant bone—a tooth or two being excepted—has been deemed as impossible as to insert brains into an empty or an addled pate. In this case, transplantations of bone were made on three occasions, the pieces being taken from other patients who were subjected to operations designed to

straighten their legs. These fragments of shinbone were divided into many small pieces and inserted into furrows in the child's arm. They speedily united with each other, and with the natural sockets, ultimately forming a solid rod only half an inch shorter than the humerus on the other side, and "transforming a useless arm into a thoroughly useful one." The conclusion, as sure as logic, is that transplanted bone will live and grow, and that the operation is one of practical benefit to mankind.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### An Afternoon in the Himalayas.

In the early days of Anglo-Indian enterprise there were practically no hills. The contemporaries of Clive and Warren Hastings fought, traded, and administered in the hot sweltering plains all the year round. In those days the Anglo-Indian, at all events in Southern India, scarcely knew the sensation of cold, unless he went to England, which meant six months at sea, by way of the Cape. Nowadays, if a man has only three months' leave he often decides to spend it in a home trip, while both north and south the railways have rendered the hill regions easily accessible. Indeed, the bigwigs, to whose management the destinies of the Indian Empire are confided, are reported to be so fond of the Capua-like coolness of Simla, that they scarcely know what the discomforts of the Indian climate really are. In these elevated regions, but for the dusky faces of the servants, the visitor might fancy himself in Scotland, the houses, the gardens, the trees, all wear the aspect of the temperate zone, and whereas a few short miles below poor people are gasping with heat, in spite of punkabs and wetted muslin, a fire, even in the warmest months, becomes acceptable after sunset.

##### The Proposed Channel Tunnel.

On the 16th of June, Sir Edward Watkin, Chairman of the Southeastern Railway Company, informed a meeting of that company that two experimental shafts for the proposed Channel Tunnel have been sunk on the English side and two on the French side, and that from one of the shafts on the English side a gallery 800 or 900 yards long and seven feet in diameter had been driven. The progress during the previous week was sixty-seven yards, which is equal to two miles yearly. They have thus solved the question of the rate of progress for the experimental gallery, and ascertained that the lower strata is impermeable to water. The French experiments have realized exactly the same result. They had arrived, he said, at an understanding with the French Tunnel Committee that on each side of the channel a further heading of a mile should be driven. When these headings are finished, which certainly ought to be in six months, one-tenth of the question would have been dealt with, and a further treaty would then probably be proposed under which each party would accomplish the remaining nine miles on its side in view of the meeting in the middle of the channel. A seven-foot gallery ought, on this system, to be completed in five years.

##### Procession of Locomotives in Honor of Stephenson.

A curious and strikingly appropriate feature of the Stephenson Centenary, at Newcastle, England, was the procession of locomotives, sixteen in number. The engines were linked together, and ran thus on to Wylam, eight miles from the town. They were there placed for exhibition together with the five old original locomotives, which were the Killingworth engine (the first that Stephenson ever made), the Hutton Colliery engine, the old Darlington engine, No. 1 Locomotive from Darlington and the "Victor" from the Northeastern Railway. A special train followed, carrying the Mayors of Newcastle and neighboring towns, with other members of the municipal corporations, and persons of local distinction. On reaching Wylam the train slowed until it came opposite the house where Stephenson was born, when it stopped to allow the occupants of the train to inspect the old place. Here the Mayor of Newcastle and his friends alighted, and, in commemoration of the event, an oak-tree was planted by his Worship the Mayor. The return journey was then made, and upon reaching Newcastle the typical engines were shunted into a siding for public inspection during the remainder of the day.

##### Persecution of the Jews in Kiev, Russia.

The city of Kiev, in Southern Russia, where the Jewish residents were attacked by a furious and rapacious mob, contained 95,000 inhabitants, and has a powerful garrison and a strong police force. Beginning on May 4th (St. George's Day in Russia, and a holiday) with an attack on the bazaar, the rioting lasted four days without intermission, and continued fitfully afterwards. The work of destruction was done by no single mob, but by bands of thirty to a hundred men, mostly under the age of thirty, and armed with choppers, hammers and bludgeons. The authorities seemed paralyzed. After allowing the riots to continue three days, they made a display of vigor on the fourth, when they surrounded a house and captured fifteen nihilist printers' proclamations. On the fifth day cannon were fired in the principal streets, and the military began to place on the crowds. The police also began to exert themselves and 1,400 people were arrested. On the seventh day the riots were reported at an end. Fifteen thousand troops had then arrived at Kiev from various points to protect the city. The total number of people arrested at Kiev was 1,783, including seventy-three women, and afterwards gangs of prisoners continued daily to arrive from the outlying districts, being driven in by Cossacks. More than 500 shops and 500 houses were looted. Upwards of 20,000 Jews fled from Kiev to Berditcheff. The Jews there armed themselves, and marched to the station to defend the fugitives from attack. When the latter arrived the Jews so largely outnumbered the Russians that the latter thought it wiser to keep quiet. Three thousand families remaining behind at Kiev were placed for shelter in the arsenal.

##### A Sheriff's Sale for Rent in Ireland.

Sheriff's sales of cattle for the payment of rent in Ireland have, during the past few months, been frequently attended with scenes of turbulence and riot. In many instances, as the one illustrated, no auctioneer can be found who will dare officiate, and the sheriff or sub-sheriff then has to mount the cart. Several friends of the landlord attend to protect his interests and stand ready to buy the cattle in if no bidders are forthcoming. The usual response of the crowd as each lot is offered for sale, seems to be the repeated outburst of yells, threats and curses, unless it should have been arranged to buy in for the tenant, under the direction of local managers of the Land League.

##### A Hair-Dressing Competition in Berlin.

In the early part of last winter the hair-dressers of Paris, in their corporate capacity, held a convention which was culminated by a competition among their most famous members, for gold and silver medals. A similar contest has recently been held in Berlin, where an immense audience was attracted by the spectacle of a score or more of fashionable hair-dressers manipulating the tresses of beautiful ladies. Each contestant was permitted to display his skill with the hair of his favorite customer, and as a result there was an array of loveliness undergoing a manipulation such as is rarely seen beyond the privacy of the boudoir.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEW ORLEANS possesses a new steamship line to South America.

THERE were 670 fires in Boston during the past year, and the aggregate loss was \$1,183,818.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies have passed the Electoral Reform Bill by a vote of 202 to 116.

By the recent treaty with the Tsar-Turcomans Russia has pushed her empire within 200 miles of Afghanistan.

THE Chicago Board of Education, by a vote of eight to four, has restored corporal punishment to the city schools.

THE Irish census returns show that the population has fallen off 250,000 since 1871, and 3,000,000 since 1841.

THE Russian Minister of Marine is examining plans for additions to the fleet, estimated to cost 216,000,000 rubles.

In the Henley Regatta, June 30th, the Steward's Cup was won by the Thames crew, the Cornell crew coming in third.

CHINESE are pouring into Australia in great numbers. It is calculated that 20,000 will land at Sydney before the close of the year.

EVERY gambling-house in St. Louis has been closed under the operation of the new law making the keeping of such a house a felony.

THE graduating class of the New York City Normal School, which held its twelfth annual commencement June 30th, numbered 328.

THE operative nailmakers of Staffordshire, England, to the number of 30,000, have struck for an advance of thirty per cent. in their wages.

TWO PERSONS have given \$5,000 and \$10,000 respectively to carry out the plan for a homeopathic hospital for women and children at Boston.

JOHN ROACH and others have filed articles at Albany incorporating the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company; capital, \$2,000,000.

LABORERS' Land Leagues are being formed in some parts of Ireland, having as their object the protection of members against the impositions of farmers.

THE Amoor of Afghanistan is becoming unpopular among his own subjects. He has received subsidies to the amount of £400,000 sterling from the Indian Government.

OF 298 Deputies elected to the Hungarian Diet, 174 are Ministerialists, 53 Independents, 44 Moderate Oppositionists, 8 Nationalists and 9 belonging to no special party.

AT stations on the new Southern Pacific Railroad the following signs are seen in front of tents and wooden shanties: "One meal, 25 cents"; "Square meal, 50 cents"; "Gorge, 75 cents."

DENVER, Pueblo and Colorado Springs are making an active canvass to secure the location of the State capital, a question which will form an important issue in the next campaign in Colorado.

ONE wing of the Republican Party in Louisiana has approved the Independent movement in Virginia, and expresses the hope that if a similar movement shall arise in the former State the President will give it his encouragement.

THE official return of the number of victims of the Marseilles riots show that two Frenchmen and one Italian were killed and five Frenchmen and thirteen Italians wounded. About twelve hundred Italians have left Marseilles.

THE Yorktown Centennial Commission has formally accepted the model for the proposed monument. It will cost \$100,000, and Secretary Lincoln, who has charge of the appropriation, will be requested to direct that the work be commenced at once.

ON account of the recent ruling of the French-American Claims Commission, that a claimant had become a naturalized citizen at the time of the alleged losses, twenty-six cases, involving claims amounting to \$925,000, have been stricken from the docket.

MR. BUZZELL, the decision in whose case before the Spanish Claims Commission at Washington was objected to by the State Department, has gone to Madrid, and if he can settle with the Spanish Government his claim, involving a question of citizenship, will be withdrawn from the commission.

GENERAL IGNATIEFF is doing his best in Russia to discredit his Liberal predecessor Melikoff by pretending to discover treason where the latter could not find it. Melikoff, who visited Geneva recently, was tracked by Russian spies while there. The Press laws in St. Petersburg are very severe. Not one of the independent papers supports Ignatieff and the present policy of the Czar.

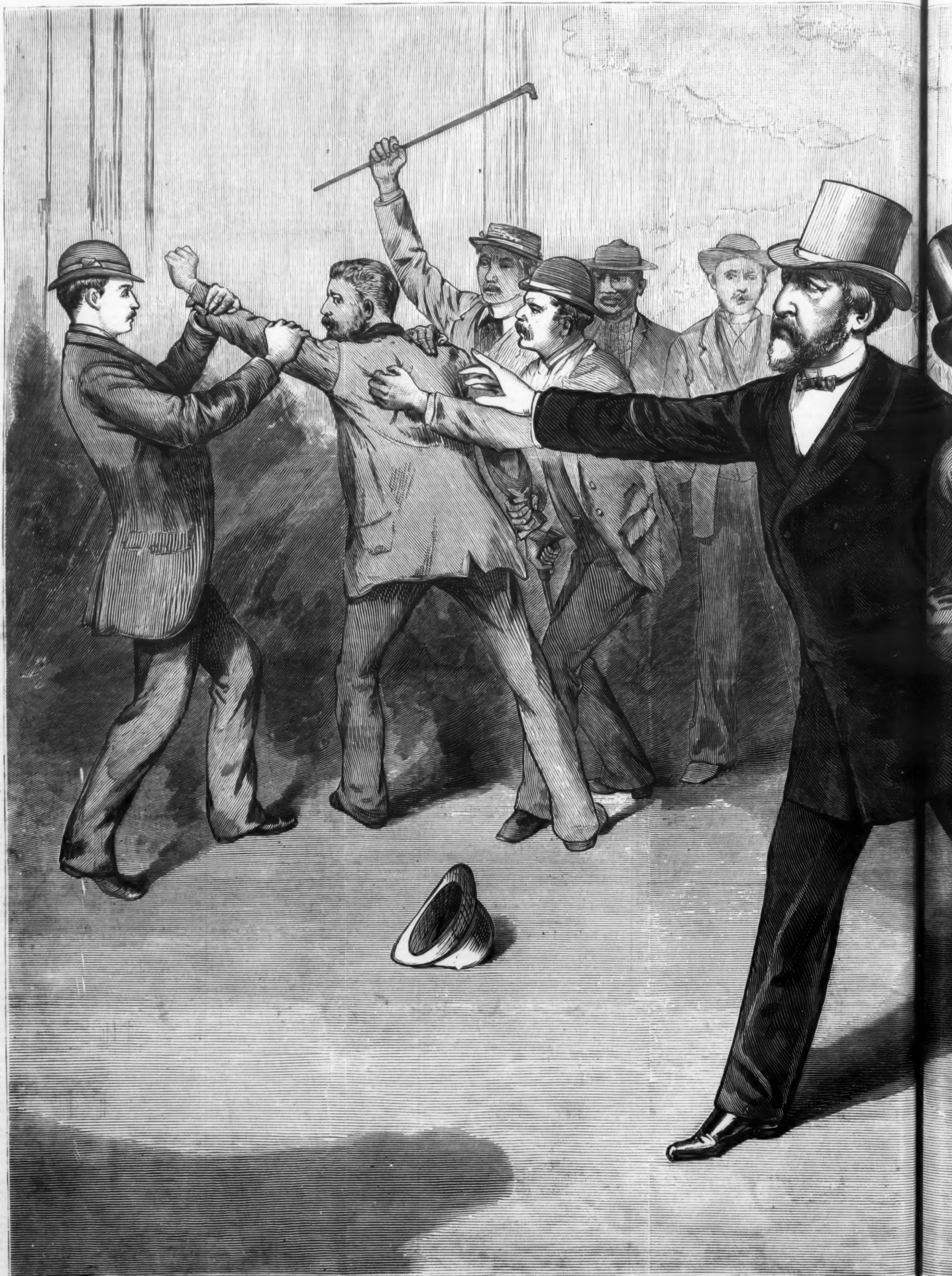
THE Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company is advertising in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales for 10,000 laborers to work on their railroad extensions in Colorado and Utah. The company has established an English agency, which signs two years' contracts with laborers at their own homes, engaging to give them steady work at high wages and with subsistence from the day they report themselves at Denver or Pueblo.

THE receipts of the Government for the fiscal year ending July 1st exceeded those for the preceding year by about \$30,000,000. The receipts from customs exceed the estimates made by the Secretary of the Treasury by \$2,000,000; those from internal revenue by about \$5,000,000, and those from miscellaneous sources by \$6,000,000. In the aggregate of expenditures, including interest on the public debt, there is a difference of about \$4,000,000 in favor of the year just closed. The surplus revenue for the year will be, in round figures, \$100,000,000.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred on the Morelos Railroad in Mexico, June 24th. A heavily-loaded train was thrown into a chasm while passing over a bridge which had been undermined by floods. In the freight van, comprising a portion of the train, was a consignment of alcohol. This took fire, and the burning fluid inundated the mass of passengers struggling in the ruins. Only a few who were not disabled or hopelessly wedged in the timbers escaped. The dead and living were wrapped in a sheet of flame, and slowly burned before the eyes of the survivors, who were unable to save them. Seventeen officers and 197 men of the Third Mexican Regiment were killed, together with thirty-seven women and five children.

ACCORDING to the report of Dun, Wilman & Co's mercantile agency, the business failures for the first six months of 1881 amount to 2,862 as compared with 2,497 in the first half of 1880, and 4,018 in 1879. The liabilities for the first half are stated to be \$40,000,000, compared with \$33,000,000 in the first six months of 1880, and \$65,000,000 in 1879. The semi-annual circular issued by Dun, Wilman & Co. contains reports from forty-four trade centers, nearly all of which indicate a highly prosperous condition of business, with reports almost uniformly favorable as to the condition of the crops not only of grain, but also cotton, rice, sugar, tobacco, etc. The entire business outlook, as indicated by this authentic return, seems extremely favorable.





WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE ATTACK ON THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE—SCENE IN THE LADIES' ROOM OF THE BALTIMORE





BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD DEPOT—THE ARREST OF THE ASSASSIN.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST'S A. BERGHAUS, AND C. UPHAM,



## THE FISHERMAN'S DEATH SONG.

REEK ON!  
I ask no favor, Sea: the night, far gone,  
Is black.  
Mock on! thou givest not back the lost,  
But, borne from surge to surge, with white hands  
crossed,  
I saw her as she went;  
I saw the light play round her as I bent;  
Her hair  
Gleamed through the brooding darkness of the air,  
And white  
The foam-shroud shone with mystic light.  
Beat on! I see  
The dark surge passing in dim majesty—  
The mystic light  
That shone around her, moving through the night,  
The face  
Uprturned and white; the pale, crossed hands in  
place—  
Where hast thou borne her, Sea?  
Where is the treasure-house of thy immensity?  
I cannot tell  
Whither the white wave went that rose and fell  
With her upon its breast—my shallop groans;  
Each old, tried timber quivering, writhes and  
moans,  
Parts shivering so, O Sea!  
We come, the craft and I: wind now my shroud,  
and be  
Just pitiful enough to lay my still cold heart  
beside  
The stilled heart of my own, my bride.

GEORGE KLINGE.

THE TYRANNY OF FATE;  
OR,  
A FIAT OF DRACO.

BY MISS ANNIE DUFFELL.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED)

THROUGH their mist of agony and hopelessness Beaumont's eyes look down at her in a great amazement, a vast, wordless reproach, that she could thus question the might and fealty of his love. His arms tighten around her, and where she lies upon his breast she looks up at him in a strange, fixed regard. For a woman like her—hunted, chained, wounded—existence holds but little promise. In this moment all her agony, her dread of being unmasked before this man, returns to her; she has dreaded it with a mortal fear that has seldom yet set upon woman. Perhaps this is the way in which that great cross is to be put away from her. Perhaps Christ, in His infinite mercy, has seen that her endurance is exhausted, and that now, when she can no longer bear her burden, He takes her away from the agony of living. Life has been her bondage and her great snare, death may be intended her ransom, the flames purging her soul of its guilt. There have always been great possibilities of religious exaltation in her soul, wasted and ruined as it is. Now in her bosom rises a wild, half-superstitious enthusiasm that lifts her above all weakness. Life has held its bitterness and great martyrdom; it may be that this is her reward, that she is to stand clear to the end in the sight of the man of her worship, and so far from leading a life of sin and desolation, exiled for ever from his love, their lives are to go out together, in the fullness and the perfection of that love. Over the splendor of her face comes a glory and a softness that has never before touched it as she lifts her arms, soft with the rich warm life, and lays them about his throat, while her eyes dilate and expand in their solemn splendor.

"Better death together than life apart."

Her whisper floats up to him through the roar and crackling of the flames, through whose lurid glow he looks down into her glorious eyes. For an instant a half-dazed, wondering shadow fills his face; then the full meaning, the rich, glad promise of her words sweeps upon him. All the dizzy, boundless rapture of a mutual passion and a mutual faith enwraps him and deadens him to the consciousness of every earthly thing, save her love. He draws her closer to him, whispering words of endearment. For minutes this ecstatic delirium clothes his senses; then a long tongue of fire darts into the chamber, and recalls him to the peril and the misery of their surroundings. Back upon his heart presses that resolution to save her. That great atonement—that holy emancipation—that sweet, sacred recompense, whose consciousness is with the woman, hold forth no thought or sustenance for him. Man exacts more from love than does woman, with her patience, her sacrifice, her fortitude. For her, death with him is enough. Not so it is with him; it is life that he yearns for—life that never looked half so fair, so precious, as at this moment, when it is about to be withdrawn from him—life with its glory, its rich promise, its heaven spent with her—life that he has never lived until now that he knows that the love, the divine loveliness of this woman, are his. He forgets that the venom of that broken faith of his youth still encompasses him like a veil of darkness. He forgets that those shackles, forged by the Church and law, still manacle him. He forgets the man who has but left her side. She loves him, and, if within the range of human possibility, he must save her. And he does save her. How? Well, I never can tell; no more could he. First of all, he plunges a blanket in the bath; then enveloping her in it, and a few minutes after, burnt, blackened, fainting, he staggers out of the burning mass, and drops in unconsciousness to the turf, his precious burden uninjured, but as lifeless, for the present, as himself. And only separated from this scene by a short distance, and standing peering at it through the shrubbery that conceals them, are two men. As Beaumont sinks to the ground Dupont turns to his companion.

"Well," he exclaims, "Achilles is down at

last! Who would have thought it was in him to love like this?"

His companion says no word. His gaze is fastened upon the man and the woman in their unconsciousness. The grandeur of Beaumont's deed smites him with a bitter discontent with himself—with hopeless envy, with a half-savage, reluctant admiration—and he sees the blanched, inanimate face of his victim through a mist of tears. "I would have done the same," he mutters, through his clinched teeth, as a sob breaks chokingly in his throat. "I would have done it if I could. I want to save her! Oh, Natalie, once my love and my pride!" He speaks in his native language, but Dupont is also well versed in it.

"Is it possible that you love her?" he queries, peering curiously into the damp, beautiful face.

His companion turns upon him savagely.

"Love her? I do—I do! despite my crimes to her. Would I have risked the loss of the chair—would I have stood here waiting, watching for her to appear among the rest—would I have periled myself by being discovered when I saw she did not come, and climbed by the aid of the vines to her window—would I have done this, think you, if I had not loved her?" Dupont coolly lights a cigarette.

"Perhaps not," he answers; "but you must pardon me if I impute your care for her safety more for the sake of her advantage to you, in a mercenary view, than for your love for her." "It's false!" cries his companion. "I swear I thought only of herself for once. I went to save her. I could have saved her had he not been there! I would not have stood by while she perished for ten thousand fortunes."

"We must go or we will be discovered," observes Dupont. "They are getting the fire under their control; we must not lose a moment."

Together they hasten through byways, concealed by the thick shrubbery, until they arrive at the park. There, under the shadow of the forest, stands Nurse Macdonald keeping guard over the chair. Her face looks haggard and worn in the gray light of the early day. Her long white hair hangs like a veil around her broad square shoulders; her attire, disordered, is also burnt and smutted here and there with the fire. In a few minutes the chair is completely enwrapped in a huge blanket, and the two men are carrying it across the country in the direction of the station. Before leaving the grounds of Sinclair, Nurse Agnes turns her lurid, vengeful eyes upon the smoking castle.

"If I could 'a had my way," she mutters, clinching her hands, "I would nae ha' left one stone upon another!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

IT is a fortnight since the fire. The amount of damage done to Sinclair, while in one sense irreparable, is not as great as might have been expected. Only one wing was actually destroyed, yet that wing was the most ancient and historic of the castle. To be sure, wealth can restore it to its pristine grandeur; but no money and no power can restore from the ashes those beds of state upon which royalty reposed in bygone ages, or clothe other rooms with those traditions of Saxon sovereigns that invested these burnt and ancient apartments. But greater loss never came to mortal man than the earl estimates the loss of the chair, which he discovered the following morning. In his soul, with its secret so long hidden that he had failed to dread it, is awakened all that old agony of a boundless dread and a guilty fear; added to which is the positive knowledge of secret enemies. That Agnes is in some way connected with it is his firm conviction, yet he knows that this ignorant brain, vindictive though it is, could never have planned or executed this plot. Underneath it he sees a ruthless and desperate hate which, perhaps, has directed this willing and plastic tool. His peril is made still greater by the mystery and uncertainty in which it is shrouded; enemies he has, bitter and dangerous, is evident; but in what direction to look for them he is ignorant. Surely retribution is being wrought in the momentary fear and apprehension that now encompass him. The chair has disappeared effectually, and he cannot even allow himself the poor consolation of instituting inquiries concerning it for fear those inquiries may ultimately result in disastrous suspicions to himself. But all this is locked within his own bosom. The pride, the strength, the endurance of a long line of English peers have descended to him, and not a muscle of his face, not the quivering of an eyelid, betray the mute agony of dread and horror that tortures him in secret. Occasionally he is assailed with a strange suspicion that the loss of the diamond is also the work of this same secret foe; and then, as if to clothe all things in mystery and uncertainty, returns to him the recollection of that life now paying in shame and obscurity, save where his name still lives to be reviled, the penalty of that crime. Surely no innocent man would suffer, as Percy suffers, for the guilt and degradation of another. Yet, despite all this, in his mind has crept that persistent doubt that refuses to be wholly banished, and that but adds to the chaos of conflicting emotions that torture him.

But, as yet, it is not with Lord John that we have to deal, but rather with his brother. Even the iron constitution of Beaumont could not sustain the terrible strain of that fiery ordeal through which he passed, and during the fortnight that has since elapsed he has been laid up with a severe illness. The gayeties thus unceremoniously interrupted, the bridal guests have returned to London. It was Natalie's earnest desire to also leave Sinclair, knowing that therein lay her only safety. But she was not allowed to profit by this, her poor and only chance. The morning after the fire the earl sought her, and in delicate and respectful terms conveyed to her his brother's passionate appeal for her to remain

at Sinclair, at least until his recovery. Smitten with the acutest of all agony, his mind was yet occupied with her and his love. Despite her desperate inclinations, she could not, in common decency, refuse this simple plea of the man who risked his own life in behalf of hers, and who was now suffering in torture and helplessness the consequences of his deed. So she remained the guest of her mortal foe, Lady Grace, and unconscious of the bitter enmity, the vindictive hatred, that her hostess entertains for her. The pseudo Countess Melbourne is well aware that between them there is no affinity, and also experiences a positive dislike for her hostess. But they both cloak their sentiments so well that not a soul would suspect them, and society throwing them constantly together, their demeanor each to the other is characterized by civility and even outward cordiality. But during this fortnight of uninterrupted companionship, though with that hypocrisy common to well-bred womanhood, their apparent friendliness, instead of abating by the trial, has increased; they have, when possible, to say the least, avoided each other's society.

It is at the close of a bright Spring day. Natalie stands at an open window, her gaze vacantly fixed upon a trap receding down the avenue, and which contains the earl and his wife, she having declined their polite invitation to accompany them. A far off stretch the rich timber and the corn-lands of the fair old English landscape, over which hangs the misty dimness of the oncoming night; while to the right stretches the long line of Cheviot Hills, their towering peaks growing purple in the gloaming. But it is not upon the beauties of nature that the mind of the miserable woman is fixed; rather upon her own wretched destiny, which from every view seems to her in with evil and with darkness. In her hand she holds a letter from her tyrant, in which he informs her he is about to leave England on a trip that will necessitate an absence of some three months, perhaps four, during which period he trusts to the "might and subtle delicacy, as well as dexterity of her brain to bring their English affairs to a focus, as in the present state of their finances money is an imperative and growing necessity." His letter is brief, but it is sufficient to fill her soul with fresh doubt and apprehension. Why this sudden journey? Her harassed brain is trying to fathom the secret motive as she stands now by the window, when the door of the apartment is thrown noiselessly open and in it stands the tall, kingly figure of Beaumont. Owing to his powerful constitution his recovery has been even speedier than was expected. His cold, clear-cut face shows but few traces either of illness or the fire—a portion of the blanket in which he enveloped Natalie in a measure protecting his visage from the latter. But across one swarthy cheek stretches a single lurid and ineffaceable scar scarcely yet healed, and which, so far from detracting from his personal appearance, but increases the nameless fascination of the strong face of England's most successful minister. He stands now and looks at the tall, rounded form, with its black and gold laces sweeping the floor, and in his eyes, which are still ice for the world, flashes all the fire of his soul 'enkindled by this woman. With a bound he gains her side before she is aware of his presence, and he looks at her in a great, eloquent silence. She sees the dull, swarthy crimson of passion staining his pallid cheeks, and shrinks back in very terror of this mighty love that enfolds her. For an instant he is mute, motionless; then he seizes her two small hands and crushes them to his breast, murmuring again and again:

"My darling!"

"I—I trust you are fully recovered, Sir Cuthbert," she stammers, shivering with the agony of her position.

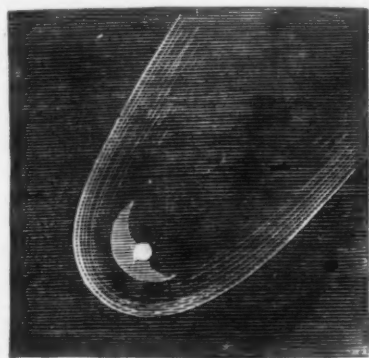
He makes an imperious gesture at her forced formality.

(To be continued.)

## THE NEBULOUS SUMMER TOURIST.

IT is nothing unusual for people who are out late at night to see strange spectacles, particularly in the direction of the zenith. Many unheralded conjunctions of the planets have been noted with amusement by unscientific folks, as well as eccentric movements of the stars which the great astronomers have not deemed worthy of elaborate magazine articles or international discussion.

When, on the morning of June 23d, a policeman in Rochester saw a comet, and was rash enough to brag about it, those who knew him believed he had been staring involuntarily, and had not Professor Swift come to his rescue on the following day and asserted that a new comet had really burst



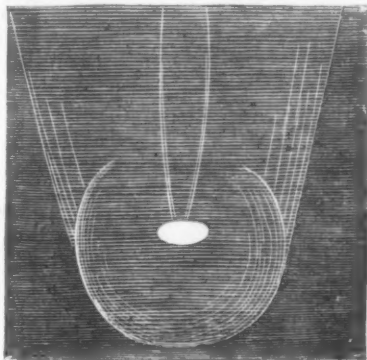
DONATI'S COMET ON SEPT. 21ST, 1858.

forth into sight, the officer would probably have been removed from his office.

As soon as the Rochester observer staked his reputation on the existence and respectability of the bird-shaped visitor, almost every milkman, policeman and railroad man in the United States hastened into print with certificates to show that he had been out late that very night and had discovered the comet ahead of everybody.

Then the astronomers who had been prospecting

for new stars and planets in the opposite part of the heavens were horrified to learn that a stranger was over their heads who had not engaged quarters in advance, and who had so disguised himself that no one on familiar terms with these knights of the azure could recognize him. Every telescope and spy glass in the country was turned towards the North Star, and steady-going men and precise women staid out until nearly four o'clock in the morning looking for the comet, and the great ques-

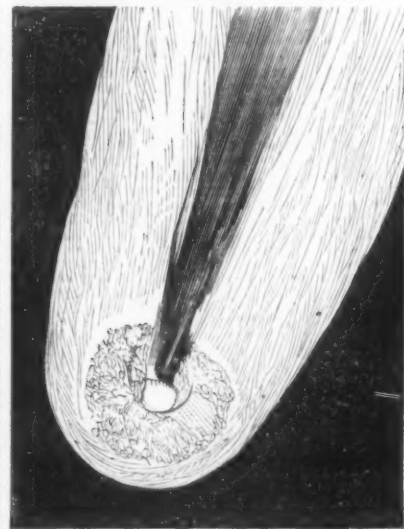


DONATI'S COMET ON SEPT. 30TH, 1858.

tion, overtopping even the Star Route business in Washington and the Senatorial elections in Albany, was, "Who is it?"

Some said it was the old friend of 1807, others that it was identical with that of 1812, while a third professor agreed that it was the comet discovered by Dr. Gould at Buenos Ayres on June 3d last. As it appears with a big head, two spreading wings and a gracefully-flowing tail, like an enormous bird, a fourth party maintains that it is a brand-new specimen of the family that has run away for its first airing.

Let us see just what the astronomers say. On

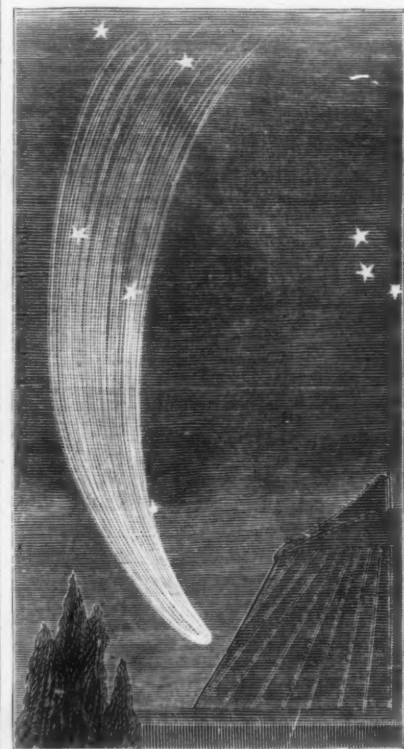


DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN OCT. 1ST, 1858.

June 24th, Professor Lewis Swift, of Warner Observatory, made the following statement:

"The comet presented a grand appearance this morning. Both with the naked eye and telescope I saw it set in twilight and rise again, most of the tail not setting. Except in the length of tail and dark stripe through its length, it resembles the comet of 1858. Three incipient envelopes were in process of formation on one side only, giving promise of a splendid future. It is increasing in brightness, and is therefore approaching either the sun or earth, or both. Nothing is yet known regarding what comet it is. The tail is much curved, but a second one, excessively faint and straight, was seen on a line joining the sun and nucleus."

Professor Ormond Stone, of the Cincinnati Observatory, observed the new comet on the night of June 23d. He says it is moving rapidly north. He is quite positive that it is not the comet of 1812, but thinks it may be that of 1807, the return of which was not expected by astronomers for seventeen hundred years. He believes it is the same comet as seen about June 3d by Dr. Gould in South America.



DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN FROM CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY, ENG., OCT. 11TH, 1858.

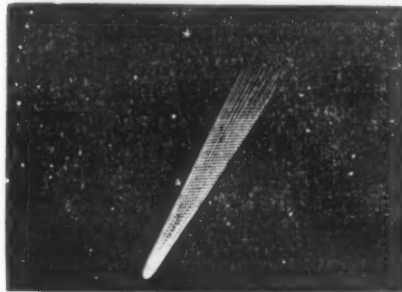
At Chicago, Professor Hough, of the Dearborn Observatory, has made careful measurements, and arrives at the conclusion that the comet is that of 1812. He argues from that fact that the period of the latter would make it visible in 1880, and this period



is subject to fluctuations on one side or the other. The motion of the comet, as so far observed, is partly reconcilable with that of the comet of 1812. It is traveling in approximately the same plane, but the position of the point of perihelion passage in the computed orbit does not appear to agree with that of the present comet.

At Washington, Professors Simon Newcomb, Hall, Harkness, Eastman, Holden and Frisby, and Assistant Astronomer A. N. Skinner, are devoting a great deal of attention to the comet. They are disposed to consider it the comet of 1807, but they wisely say, "they can do nothing but speculate until they have an opportunity to observe it carefully."

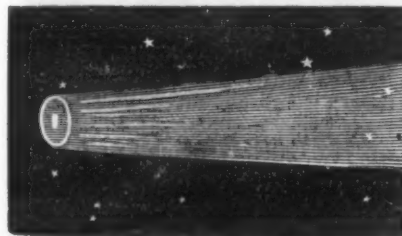
Professor Bosc, of the Dudley Observatory, Albany, N. Y., states positively that this comet is the same as that seen from South America on June 3d by Dr. Gould, who was, by-the-way, the first director of the Dudley Observatory. This statement is based upon careful consideration of the rates and direction of motion since the comet has been visible in the northern hemisphere, as it is now conceded that this cannot be a return appearance of the comet of 1812. Dr. Bosc is satisfied that it is not the comet of 1807; firstly, because the computations of Bessel assign to that comet a period of seventeen hundred years, and Bessel was the greatest practical astronomer of the century; secondly, according to such rough computations as have been made here, the path of this comet is found to be decidedly different from that which the comet of 1807 would take if it could be seen.



COUGIA'S COMET OF 1874.

While the professors were thus differing among themselves on the problem, "Who is it?" a vast amount of interest was centered upon Professor Draper, who had announced his intention of photographing the foreigner for his wife's album. He succeeded in getting a moderately fair sitting on Saturday morning; but his plates, or gelatine, or something, didn't suit, and the comet called again on Sunday and Monday mornings, and the professor secured plates which proved satisfactory.

In explaining his excitement, he said: "My idea in photographing the comet is to get a record of its appearance, because no photograph has ever been taken before. Next, I wanted to see if the actinic rays of the spectrum are found in comets, because that makes it possible to get a photograph of the spectrum of the comet and arrive at a greater certainty about the composition of these bodies than we have at present. We are pretty sure that in comets the elementary substances are carbon, but whether it is combined with hydrogen or other substances we are not yet certain. Since the invention of the spectroscopic in its recent improved forms no large comet has been visible here, and hence it has been difficult to arrive with certainty in regard to the spectrum lines of these bodies. The special interest that is attached to the presence of carbon in other bodies than the earth depends upon the fact that this element is an essential ingredient in all organized structures, both plant and animal. If, therefore, we prove that carbon exists in other bodies than the earth, we extend the possi-



COMET NO. 2, OF APRIL, 1877.

bility of organic life to other parts of the universe. The line of my research is this: I have desired, first, to find out whether a comet could be photographed. Having shown that this could be done—as I have—and thereby proved that a comet contains rays of the more refrangible end of the spectrum, I desire in the next place, if possible, to photograph these rays through a spectroscopic, and by subsequently comparing these photographs with photographs of the spectra of various elementary bodies, to determine the elements entering into the composition of comets. This will be an exceedingly difficult research because of the faintness of the light after it has gone through so many lenses and prisms, and because, in addition, we are dealing with a body moving not only apparently in right ascension, but also in reality in declination. There is, therefore, a double difficulty. The telescope with which I am attempting the problem is the one with which I succeeded in taking the only photographs of the nebula of Orion that up to the present time have been made. It was stated in the papers that I had denied this could be the same comet as that discovered by Dr. Gould. What I meant to state was that in its present position it could not be seen now by Dr. Gould. The probabilities are that it is the same comet seen by Dr. Gould at the 1st of June. It was also stated that this comet is as bright as Jupiter or Capella. A photograph of Capella could be taken in a single second and Jupiter in two. Last night the comet was exposed to the plate seventeen minutes, and it was not too long. You can see, then, it is not nearly so bright."

Inasmuch as at the time of writing no one knows who the stranger is, we will not add to the vast amount of uncertainty by hazarding a conjecture, but content ourselves with showing how Professor Draper secured his photograph, and giving the portrait as well as that of several supposed relatives who have previously visited us.

## A CRIME AGAINST THE NATION.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD SHOT IN WASHINGTON.

THE entire country was inexpressibly shocked on Saturday morning, July 2d, at the announcement that President Garfield had been assassinated at Washington, as he was about leaving the city on a ten days' vacation. The intelligence spread like wildfire, absorbing the interest in the approaching national holiday and every question of public moment. It was several hours before any details were made known, and the early installments were of the most meagre character. By noon, however, it was learned that the shooting had taken place at 9:20 in the morning, in the waiting-room of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot, where the President had gone to take the 9:30 limited express for New York, where his family were to join him for his New England trip. A short excursion was to be made to the harbor and bay, and the party were to spend

the Sabbath in privacy with Cyrus W. Field at his country-seat on the Hudson.

A later dispatch announced that Secretaries Hunt and Windom, Postmaster-General James and others of the party had already taken their seats in the car. The President had just alighted from his carriage and was passing through the ladies' room on his way to the train, arm-in-arm with Secretary Blaine.

When the two had walked half way across the room, a report as of a big firecracker challenged the attention of the policemen at the main door, who thought some boy had fired it in honor of the President's departure. Instantly another report was heard, and President Garfield lay prostrate upon the floor of the reception-room.

Secretary Blaine rushed forward after a short, thick-set man, who carried an old California pistol in his hand. The man was seized by two officers. Then the Secretary of State knelt down beside the President, but already tender hands had raised Mr. Garfield's head. "Mrs. Smith, the lady in charge of the room, in an instant was by his side. She had even in the brief time that was necessary for her to reach him given orders that water be brought at once. Kneeling there beside him, she raised his head, and placed it in her lap and bathed his face.

It was for the moment impossible to say how or where the President had been wounded. The depot in a moment was packed. People stood around him, standing tiptoe behind each other, so that not only the President, but his attendants, suffered greatly for the lack of air.

Dr. Townsend, Health Officer of the District, found the President, when he arrived at the Baltimore and Potomac depot, about five minutes after the shooting occurred, in a vomiting and fainting condition. He had his head lowered, and he had been elevated by the attendant, and administered aromatic spirits of ammonia and brandy to revive him. This had the desired effect, and the President, regaining consciousness, was asked where he felt the most pain. He replied in the right leg and foot. Dr. Townsend then examined the wound, introducing his fingers, which caused a slight hemorrhage. He then decided to have the sufferer moved up-stairs. Shortly after getting him there Drs. Smith and Purvis arrived, and it was decided to remove him to the White House. Drs. Smith and Townsend accompanied the President in the ambulance to the White House, where another operation was made and stimulants again administered. An ineffectual attempt was made to trace the course of the wound, and at 12:20 the President was suffering much pain.

Then the Cabinet officers and other officials began telegraphing the news and the President's condition all over the country, and from that time until long after midnight excited crowds stood in front of the telegraph and newspaper offices in all the large cities.

It was about 10 o'clock when the President was carried to the White House. Guards were at once established at the gate, and, later, companies from the Arsenal were picked out to guard the route. On the way to the White House in the ambulance Mr. Garfield was quite cheerful and entirely free from dread of death.

At the White House, after removing the clothing, it was discovered that the President had not been wounded in the arm, although a bullet had passed through his sleeve. The report of the arm wound was called out by the tattered sleeve and the fact that his hand was covered with blood, which was due to his having pressed his hand against his side when wounded there.

Every member of the Cabinet followed the wounded President to the White House, and wives and daughters of Cabinet officers performed the tender womanly offices in the absence of the wife, who was approaching the national capital with all the speed that steam could give. Officials of all grades assembled, some of them being even permitted to enter the President's chamber. It was thought that the wound might be probed immediately, but this was not deemed safe. There were many indications of internal hemorrhage. The temperature increased rapidly, and the pulse was greatly quickened. Soon after the return from the depot there were great hopes that the wound might not prove fatal, but when it was discovered that the physician declined to make the search for it, and postponed any further examination until 3 P. M., it became apparent the President was too weak to submit to the operation, and the hopes of recovery rested first in the location of the bullet and next in a strong constitution. The hours that intervened were to tell the story. Meanwhile, everything was done to relieve the sufferer. His head was clear, and he was very comfortable. He complained of nothing except of pain and a twitching in his feet. That, the surgeons said, was not a good symptom.

When Dr. Bliss informed the President that his condition was critical the President said: "Doctor, I am not afraid to die. I want to know what you think about my condition. Tell me the worst." The doctor replied that his condition was very serious; that he had some chances of life, but that he would do well to prepare for the worst. One of the ladies of the Cabinet afterwards cheerfully said to the President: "We expect to pull you through, Mr. President." Mr. Garfield answered: "And I am going to try to help you pull me through." He never lost his spirits, not even when the doctor informed him that he perhaps had not many hours to live. He said then, "God's will be done. I am content." But from the moment that he learned that he might not live his thoughts turned more anxiously to the arrival of his wife.

Just before 11 A. M. he dictated the following telegram to his wife:

"Mrs. Garfield, Elberon, Long Branch: 'The President desires me to say to you, from him, that he has been seriously hurt, how seriously he cannot yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you.' A. F. ROCKWELL."

While awaiting with feverish anxiety intelligence either of the President's death or the chances of his recovery, the reporters in Washington hunted up the record of the prisoner, who had been lodged in the District Jail.

The weapon used by the would-be assassin was a revolver about seven inches long, with an ivory handle and of extra large calibre. Guiteau made no resistance to arrest, saying to the officers: "I did it and want to be arrested. I am a Stalwart, and Arthur is President now. I have a letter here that I want you to give to General Sherman. It will explain everything. Take me to the police station." At Police Headquarters he recorded his name as "Charles Guiteau, attorney-at-law, Chicago, Ill." Charles Guiteau, the assassin, is thirty-six years old, short in stature and of a well-knit, though not stout, figure. His family came from Alesce, but it is not known whether he was born there or in Canada, to which they moved. He says he was born in Chicago. Of late years he has lived in Chicago, where he has been practicing law. He was some years ago a clerk in the office of the Internal Revenue Collector at Chicago. Subsequently he was appointed by Grant to a consular office, from which he was recently removed. He has been in Washington much of the time, however, since March, seeking appointment to a foreign consular position, Marselles being his preference. He also filed an application for the Austrian mission. So persistent was he in his struggle for office that his sallow face, on which he grew a straggling beard, had become familiar at the White House and the State Department. He called at the White House no later than Friday afternoon. The President informed him that he could give his case no attention now as he was about to leave the city. Guiteau was understood to have replied that the President might not leave as soon as he intended. Guiteau's present visit began six weeks ago. He took lodgings in a high-priced boarding-house, and since then has shifted about whenever his board bill has been demanded. Before going to the White

House on Friday he tried to make an inspection of the jail, but the warden would not admit him. He had evidently been seeking redress, for Mr. Blaine recognized him at once after the shooting.

The following letter was taken from the prisoner's pocket at Police Headquarters:

"To the White House: JULY 2d, 1881.

"The President's tragic end was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican Party and save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time any way. I had no ill-will towards the President. His death was a political necessity.

"I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the Press which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his co-journalists at 1,240 New York Avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

"CHARLES GUITEAU."

The papers referred to above have not yet been given out for publication.

The following letter was found on the street soon after Guiteau's arrest, with the envelope unsealed and addressed, "Please deliver at once":

"To General Sherman or his first assistant in charge of the War Department.

"To General Sherman:

"I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once.

"Very respectfully,

(Signed) "CHARLES GUITEAU."

On receiving the above General Sherman gave it the following indorsement:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2d, 1881, 11:35 A. M."

"This letter was handed me this minute by Major W. J. Twining, United States Engineer, Commissioner of the District of Columbia, and Major William G. Brock, Chief of Police. I don't know the writer, never heard of or saw him to my knowledge, and hereby return it to the keeping of the above-named parties as testimony in the case.

(Signed) "W. T. SHERMAN, General."

A special train was ordered by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to convey Mrs. Garfield from Long Branch to Washington. She was expected to arrive at 6 o'clock, but the high rate of speed at which the train was running resulted in an accident to the locomotive, which made a little delay, and it was 6:40 when two carriages, one of them containing Mrs. Garfield, drove up to the south front of the Executive Mansion. Mrs. Garfield and one or two attendants occupied the first carriage, and when it stopped the door was opened by Attorney-General MacVeach, and she was assisted to alight by her son, Harry Garfield, who had been waiting for her arrival. She passed up the stairs unassisted, and, though betraying evident signs of great emotion and excitement, seemed to be strong. The President had been impatiently awaiting her arrival, for he appreciated the gravity of the situation, and knew as well as any one that his end was perhaps near. When the sound of the wheels was heard on the gravel driveway he addressed Postmaster-General James, who was sitting at his bedside, and said, "That's my wife."

Mrs. Garfield hurried to the bedside of the President, who recognized her at once, and she began to converse with him in a low tone. She exhibited great self-control while in the sick room, and did not betray the slightest evidence of emotion. The President spoke to her in a whisper that was audible at the other end of the room. The physicians, who were then holding consultation in an adjoining room, decided it was wise to allow the interview to last beyond a few minutes, and persuaded Mrs. Garfield to take her leave for the time being at least. She very readily assented and was escorted out by two of the doctors. When she had left the room she completely broke down and sobbed aloud most piteously.

Mrs. Garfield pleaded for a second interview with her husband, which was acceded to by the physicians. The room was cleared at her request, and she, with some other members of the family, remained thirty minutes with the President.

Immediately on the receipt of the news that President Garfield had been shot, Mrs. Larabee, of Cleveland, Ohio, the President's sister, with the aged mother of General Garfield had been staying, sent her mother over to the house of Mrs. M. Trowbridge, another sister, living about a quarter of a mile away, out of hearing of the dreadful news. An hour later, at about noon, the following dispatch was received by Mrs. Larabee:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, July 2d.

"Mrs. Eliza Garfield:

"Don't be alarmed by sensational rumors. The doctors think the wound is not fatal. Don't think of coming until you hear further."

"HARRY A. GARFIELD."

The signature is that of the President's seventeen-year-old son. Mr. Garfield's mother had been prostrated for some days in consequence of the death of her brother-in-law, Thomas A. Garfield, and only that morning she was informed of the death of Mrs. Arnold, the President's cousin, who died on Friday, and it was deemed certain that the death of the President would kill her.

Vice-President Arthur reached New York from Albany on Saturday morning, and was at once informed of the news. He telegraphed his sympathy and grief to Secretary Blaine, and desired the expression of his feelings to be extended to Mrs. Garfield. Shortly before midnight, in response to a telegram to the effect that it was thought the President was sinking, he started for Washington, under, as is supposed, an escort of officers from the United States' Marshal's office.

As soon as the early telegrams were made public at Long Branch, General Grant drove from his cottage to Elberon, and, calling on Mrs. Garfield, tendered his sincerest condolence. A few moments after he said: "I cannot state how deeply this terrible news has affected me. I do not care to speculate on its probable results on the parties at Albany. All we should think of at present is that the Chief Magistrate of the United States has been stricken down by the hand of an assassin. It would not become me, nor do I think it would become any one of us, to state views upon the state of affairs which would result from the murder of the President. Happily he is not dead yet, and there is no one in this broad land who will more sincerely pray that he may speedily recover than myself."

At his earliest opportunity Secretary Blaine telegraphed the sad intelligence to Minister Lowell, at London, requesting him to inform all our Ministers abroad; and within a few hours dispatches were delivered at the State Department from Queen Victoria, the President of the French Republic, and the crowned heads of Europe, expressing their abhorrence of the act.

On Sunday, hour after hour, telegrams were received from the Executive Mansion, announcing that the President continued to improve. In New York City the churches were more fully filled than usual, and reference was made to the great calamity from hundreds of pulpits. And what was true of the metropolis was likewise true of every city, town, village and hamlet in the country. A whole, united, prosperous, happy nation bowed its head in prayer for the recovery of its Chief Executive.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. CHARLES LYMAN, of Boston, left \$5,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

WADSWORTH HAMPTON is preparing a reply to General Sherman's account of the burning of Columbia, S. C.

M. DE LESSERPS will succeed the late Admiral Ronciere le Noury as President of the Geographical Society.

THE honorary degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon the Hon. James Wilson by Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.

THE marriage of the heir-apparent of Sweden and Norway with Princess Victoria of Baden is fixed for September 20th.

JUDGE WILLIAM L. FOSTER, of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, has tendered his resignation, to take effect July 1st.

THE President has appointed R. S. Foster, Marshal for the District of Indiana, vice Dudley, appointed Commissioner of Pensions.

THE Rev. William R. Alger has accepted a call to become the permanent pastor of the Park Street Church, Portland, Me. He has recently been preaching for it.

MRS. LINCOLN is still lying in a very critical condition at Springfield, Ill. Her mind is failing very fast, and she does not seem to recognize even her most intimate friends.

MRS. BAYARD TAYLOR has nearly completed a biography of Bayard Taylor, which will be the only authorized and complete account of the life of the journalist, traveler and poet.

THE venerable Frederick Upham, D.D., has been at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, on a brief visit to his son, Professor S. F. Upham, D.D. Though now eighty-two years of age, he is still hale and hearty.

PROFESSOR TICE, the veteran meteorologist and scientist, had a severe attack of vertigo at his office in St. Louis on Tuesday last, and on account of his great age there is cause to fear that he may not recover.

At the commencement of Amherst (Mass.) College last week, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on Hon. Wayne MacVeagh and General Francis A. Walker, the latter of whom received a similar honor from Yale.

DR. McMULLIN, of Chicago, has been appointed by the Pope Bishop of Davenport, a new diocese formed of the southern half of Iowa and including the cities of Keokuk, Des Moines, Davenport and Council Bluffs.

WAGNER declined to visit the Crown Prince's box during the performance of one of his "Nibelungen" works in Berlin. "Tell the Prince," he said, "that I am too nervous and excited to converse." The Court circle was horrified, not knowing that it was a king who spoke.

JOHN T. SAXE, son of the poet, died at Albany, June 29th. It was to the house of this son that his father was to be brought in a short time with the expectation that the change would break the melancholy into which he has been plunged since the death of his daughter, Solace, some time ago.

MR. GEORGE L. SENEY, who recently gave \$100,000 additional to Wesleyan University on the condition that a like sum should be raised by other friends of the college, has sent his check to the President of the Long Island Historical Society for \$25,000, to be used in binding books. Mr. Seney had previously given \$70,000 to the Historical Society.

MR. JAMES E. TAYLOR, of the art staff of Frank Leslie's Publishing House, has just finished a picture in water-colors of the "Grand Review of the Union Army at Washington, May, 1865," which is highly commended. The picture is 28x22, and was executed upon an order from General Sherman, who has warmly congratulated the artist upon its fidelity and spirit.

THE Queen is quite as observant of trifles as ever George III. was, and overlooks nothing, and if any members of the royal family reside more than a certain number of days at Buckingham Palace, they are obliged to "do for" themselves at the end of the specified term. A son-in-law of Her Majesty's, who was limited to three days at a time, evaded the regulation by going every third night and returning to begin a fresh stay the next morning.

Mlle. ANNETTE passed eighty-two years on the face of the earth, sixty-eight of them in the employ of the French Government. She entered the civil service at the age of fourteen, in 1813, and since then she was never absent from her post a single day. She died the other day, and the State paid for her modest funeral. This woman was attached to the service of the Bibliothèque Nationale, in the Rue Richelieu. She began as a simple chesswoman, and finally became a member of book-bindings, in which capacity she gained 600 francs or \$120 a year.

THE new professor of oratory at Princeton College, Rev. George L. Raymond, is something more than a teacher of the management of the human diaphragm and larynx. He is an eloquent preacher, a successful lyceum lecturer, a linguist, a poet, a traveler and an author. For several years he has taught oratory at Williams College, and recently he wrote on the subject a work which is now a text book at Williamstown and at Princeton. He is in the prime of life, not yet forty, and has a wide acquaintance with scholars in this country and in Europe.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON, the British Minister at Washington, presented his letter of recall to President Garfield on June 30th. In reply to his farewell address, the President said: "It will ever be a grateful recollection to this Government and people that the two English-speaking nations of the world harmoniously and successfully adjusted serious and possibly bitter differences by peaceful methods. The zeal and ability with which you strove to ingraft the principle of international arbitration upon the law of nations aided alike in this great measure and in establishing what we trust may be a beneficent rule for the future conduct of all Governments."

OBITUARY.—June 25th.—Rev. Moses How, the oldest preacher in New England, at Cambridge, Mass., aged 92. June 26th.—Hon. Henry Stanberry, formerly Attorney-General of the United States, and one of the defenders of President Johnson in the impeachment trials, at New York City, aged 78; Moses Titcomb, ex-Superintendent of the document room of the United States Senate, which was under his charge for over a quarter of a century, at Franklin Falls, N. H., aged 80; Colonel J. W. Davidson, of the Second Cavalry, and Brevet Major-General United States Army. June 27th.—Jules Armand S. Dufaure, the distinguished French statesman, Life Senator and Member of the Academy, at Paris, aged 83; Henry Dwight, for many years a prominent Wall Street banker, aged 82; Edward Beale, the political reformer, and ex-President of the Reform League of Great Britain, at London, Eng. June 28th.—Captain Robert Hardie, said to be the last survivor of the Dartmouth prisoners, at Baltimore, aged 83. June 29th.—At Naples, of brain fever, Edward R. Thaxter, the young American sculptor, aged 27. June 30th.—Hon. Hiram Warner, ex-Chief Justice of Georgia, at Atlanta, aged 79; Ephraim J. Whitlock, for twenty-three years a member of the Board of Education of Brooklyn, and for many years its president, aged 61.



## OUR NORTHERN BOUNDARY.

NOT one in a thousand, perhaps, of the 50,000,000 people living in the United States knows how their country is bounded on the line between the United States and the British Territory. It will be interesting, therefore, to know how the northern boundary is traced and marked. The work is now completed, except as to the Territory of Alaska, ceded by Russia to the United States under the treaty of 1867. Ever since the treaty of Ghent we have been establishing our northern boundary with Great Britain until a year or two ago, when the work was finally completed by a joint commission, consisting of Major Donald B. Cameron, Royal Artillery; Captain S. Anderson, Royal Engineers, and Captain A. C. Ward, Royal Engineers, for Great

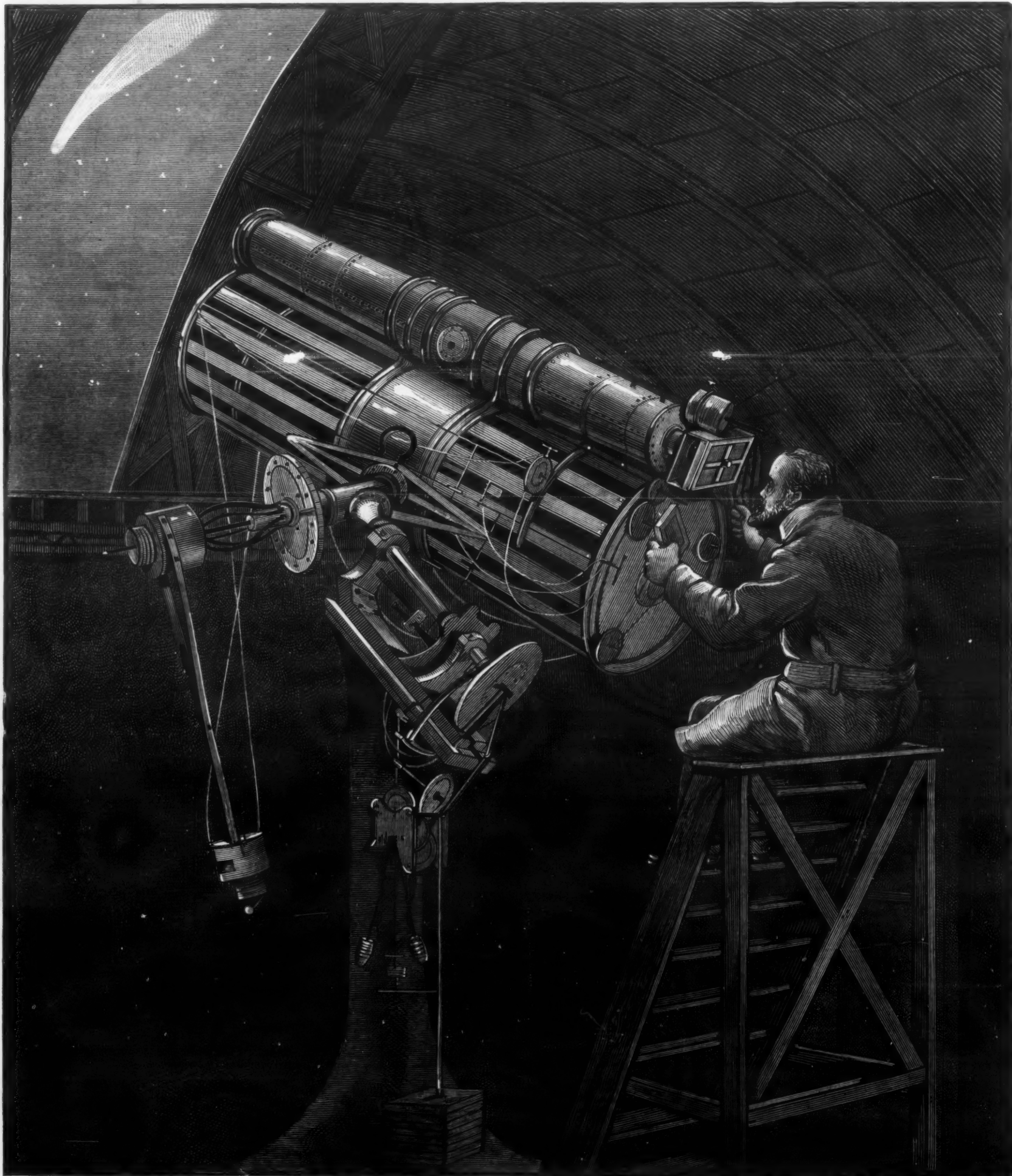
Hudson Bay Company until the matter could be determined. Of course, such a reasonable request was at once granted. The President then sent a message to Congress, recommending the establishment of a joint commission to fix the true boundary line between the two countries, and Congress assisted, appropriating \$100,000 by joint resolution to carry out the work. The appropriation was not available until 1872, when the work was begun, as above stated, by a joint commission of the two Governments. The northern boundary is marked by stone cairns, iron pillars, wood pillars, earth mounds and timber posts. A stone cairn is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet by 8 feet, an earth mound 7 feet by 14 feet, an iron pillar 8 feet high, 8 inches square at the bottom and 4 inches at the top; timber posts 5 feet high and 8 inches square. There are 382 of these marks

have been built, the bases being in some places eighteen feet under water, and the tops projecting eight feet above the lake's surface at high water mark.

## A NOVEL BRITISH WAR-SHIP.

A NOVEL addition has been made to the British Navy. Describing it the *London Times* says: "The *Polyphemus* is not a man-of-war in any of the old acceptations of the term. Instead of carrying weapons she is herself a weapon. In place of firing cannon-shot above water, she will fire torpedoes under water. The vessel is, in fact, a huge ram and torpedo-boat combined, and will depend for her utility as an adjunct in case of war on her

protected with compound steel-faced armor plates. The vessel is 240 feet long and 40 feet broad, and is to be propelled by high-pressure engines of 5,500-horse power. This great propelling power is calculated to give the vessel a speed of 17 knots an hour. Her speed is, in fact, the chief element in her strength as a weapon of offense. As the bow constitutes a ram 12 feet long, and as the ram is so deeply submerged as to strike the attacked vessel below the depth to which the armor-plating is usually continued, it is obvious that the high speed attained is a great element in the success of the attack. The largest and strongest iron-clad now afloat would probably succumb at once, could it be directly attacked by the ram and torpedoes of the *Polyphemus*. This submarine attack was the purpose for which the *Polyphemus* was originally



NEW YORK.—PROFESSOR HENRY DRAPER, IN THE OBSERVATORY AT HASTINGS, PHOTOGRAPHING THE COMET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 334.

Britain; and Archibald Campbell and Captain J. Twining, United States Army, for the United States Government. The commission experienced difficulty in discharging their duties, from the errors committed by former commissioners. In April, 1870, while engaged in locating a military reservation for a post near Pembina, our engineers discovered that the commonly received boundary line between the British possessions and the United States at that place was 4,700 feet south of the forty-ninth parallel, and if run on west from such an initial point, would throw the fort of the Hudson Bay Company at Pembina into the United States. Here was indeed a difficulty, and the officers at once communicated the facts to their Government. The President, General Grant, sent the information to the British Government, and requested the consent of the United States to occupy the fort of the

between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky Mountains. That portion of the boundary which lies east and west of the Red River Valley is marked by cast-iron pillars at even-mile intervals. The British placed one every two miles, and the United States one between each British post. Our pillars or markers were made at Detroit, Mich. They are hollow iron castings, three-eighths of an inch in thickness, in the form of a truncated pyramid, 8 feet high, 8 inches square at the bottom and 4 inches at the top. They have at the top a solid pyramidal cap, and at the bottom an octagonal flange one inch in thickness. Upon the opposite faces are cast in letters two inches high the inscriptions: "Convention of London" and "October 26th, 1818." The inscriptions begin about four feet six inches above the base and read upwards. Where the line crosses lakes, monuments of stones

strength, her swiftness and her power to attack the vessels of the enemy below the water-line and under their armor. The appearance of the ship, if ship it can be called, promises to be unlike anything now afloat. Perhaps the nearest parallel may be found in the cigar-shaped steam yachts, which so long lay useless in Southampton water. The *Polyphemus* will lie in the sea as a cylinder, with a flattened top, on which there will be a conical deck surmounted by the hurricane-deck. The ends of the cylinder will be under water, and all that will be usually seen will be the round deck, which has been compared to a floating peg-top, with its pilot tower, signal post and funnels. This deck is only four and a half feet above the water-line, and the whole of the exposed surface of the vessel, and the unexposed to a depth of six feet and a half below the water-line, are to be completely pro-

designed. She is specially designed to assail vessels immensely larger and heavier than herself. The hull is intended to bear the shock of the collision by which her destructive work is to be performed. It is of steel throughout. It is divided by a longitudinal bulkhead and many transverse bulkheads into two series of small water-tight compartments. The bottom is double, and is split up into a large number of cells, or very small water-tight divisions. Her floating capacity is, therefore, as great as any under-water vessel can possibly be, while the danger of sinking from one or two penetrations of the hull is reduced to a minimum.

"There are three ports under water for the discharge of Whitehead torpedoes, one of which is directly in front, under the ram, while the other two are at the sides and amidships."





KING CHARLES OF ROUMANIA AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

KING CHARLES I. OF ROUMANIA AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ON March 26th last, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies of Roumania, by a unanimous vote, proclaimed the principality a kingdom, and Prince Charles and the Princess Elizabeth King and Queen. The new King was born April 20th, 1839. He ac-

cepted his election as Prince of Roumania May 10th, 1866. On May 21st, 1866, he assumed the government at Bucharest. In 1869 he was married to Princess Elizabeth von Neuwied, who was born December 29th, 1843. Her Majesty is tall, large-boned, very strongly built, has a slight stoop in the neck, a ruddy complexion, large gray eyes, brown hair,



STATUE OF COLONEL WILLIAM PRESCOTT, UNVAILED AT BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 17TH.

and a gracious, kindly manner. She is a capital linguist, and among other languages speaks and writes English with an accurate fluency which is surprising, and she has produced compositions which have won her the "Medal of Merit" conferred by the Roumanian Government for meritorious labors of the pen or brush. The Queen has always a number of protégées whom she is educating at her own expense; she selects, as a rule, undowered maids-of-honor, charges herself with their future settlement in life, and employs her large private fortune in many ways which redound to her credit and the benefit of her subjects. She is always ready to assist charitable enterprises, and, during the war, constructed, maintained and superintended at Bucharest a hospital with fifty-six beds. Roumanian Royalty possesses three residences. The Winter is spent at Bucharest, in a dingy lead-colored building, which has more the outward appearance of a dungeon than of a palace. The Summer is passed at Sinaia, a mountain glen in the Carpathians, where the air is salubrious and the scenery romantic. The Spring and Autumn are spent at Cotroceni, a suburb of Bucharest, where an old monastery has been turned into a princely residence. Their Majesties maintain a full corps of aides-de-camp, ladies-of-honor and servants. The court etiquette is very strict, and based upon the German system of exclusiveness.

In August last, the Prince and Princess, being childless, and desirous of providing for the succession to the throne, adopted as their heir Prince Ferdinand, the second son of his older brother, Prince Leopold, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. The future head of the Court of Bucharest was born at Sigmaringen on the 24th of August, 1865. Prince Ferdinand's father has dropped out of the world's attention; but ten years ago he was one of the most conspicuous figures in European politics. It was upon him that the late General Prim fixed as King of Spain when Isabella II. was driven out of the country, and it was ostensibly because King William of Prussia, as head of the Hohenzollern family, refused to interfere by prohibiting Prince Leopold's acceptance of the Spanish crown, that the late Louis Napoleon plunged into the conflict with Germany. Prince Leopold, the elder brother of the ruler of Roumania, and father of his adopted son, is the heir-apparent of the honors and dignities of the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, one of the junior and non-reigning branches of the family which, in the person of William I., now occupies both the throne of Prussia and that of Germany.

The fêtes in honor of the elevation of Roumania to a kingdom were begun on May 22d with the coronation of King Charles. At noon the King and Queen entered the court of the Cathedral, where they were met by the clergy and choir singing hymns. The coronation took place on a raised platform. Beside the King was his brother, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, and his two younger sons. Many diplomats and strangers were present. On the right were the Senate, Assembly and other bodies. The King wore his uniform, stars and many Orders. The Queen was very beautiful in a white satin dress, richly embroidered, with Marie de Medicis collar, a long white satin mantle trimmed with sable and a splendid pearl coronet. The King's crown was of steel and finely worked. It was made from Turkish cannon captured at Plevna. The Queen's crown was of gold, with a white and red velvet cap. The venerable Metropolitan prayed and blessed the crowns and their Majesties. The King, Queen and Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern signed the Coronation act, and the state crown was placed on the head of the King by the President of the Senate. Receptions and reviews followed the solemn ceremony, the festivities lasting a week.

All the buildings of the chief streets were decorated with flags and festoons of the national colors—blue, yellow and red—and bright rugs and carpets were hung from the windows.



WILLIAM M. CONNER, STARTER OF THE CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB.

STATUE OF COL. PRESCOTT.

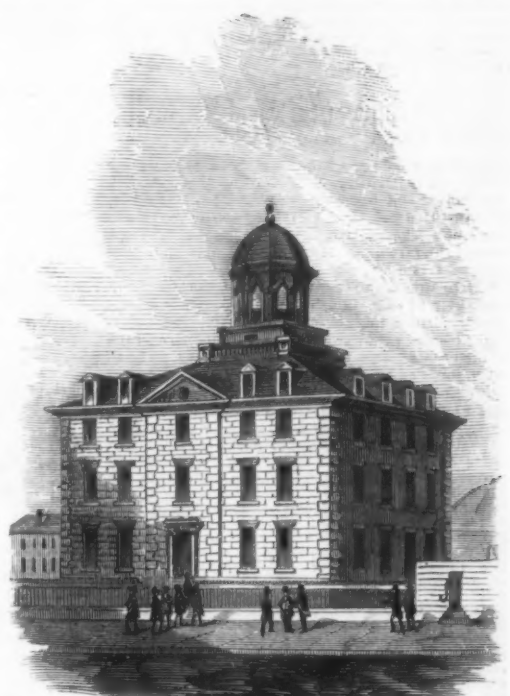
THE statue of Col. William Prescott, unveiled in Boston on June 17th, is of bronze, nine feet in height, and stands upon a nearly rectangular pedestal of polished Jonesborough granite, seven feet high and four feet six inches by four feet ten inches at the base. The structure rests on a base of Quincy granite. Upon the front panel of the pedestal is the following inscription in raised letters.

COLONEL WILLIAM PRESCOTT, JUNE 17, 1775.

The remaining panels are blank. The location of the statue is believed to be the very spot where the hero stood while encouraging his men. The pose is spirited and dramatic. It represents the colonel at the moment preceding the attack. It is intended to represent the leader at the instant when he uttered the memorable words: "Don't fire until I tell you; don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." The right leg advances, the right hand grasps nervously an unsheathed sword; the left hand is thrown back in a repressing movement. His eyes gaze eagerly forward, and the whole body seems vibrant with emotion. It is known that the night preceding the battle was very hot, and Prescott, who worked at the digging as hard as his men, threw off the outside uniform coat, put on a loose seersucker coat and broad-brimmed farmer's hat. The hero is represented in this easy costume, which is admirably adapted for artistic treatment, while his more cumbersome regiments are seen lying in a heap at his feet. The broad-brimmed hat gives a shadow to the face, while the loose coat, the skirts of which almost sweep the ground, has all the advantage of a mantle or cloak in furnishing the artist with drapery.

Of Colonel Prescott there is no portrait extant. Mr. Story has taken the fine family type which can be seen in the engravings of Prescott the historian's head, the fine, clear-cut features and high-bred face.

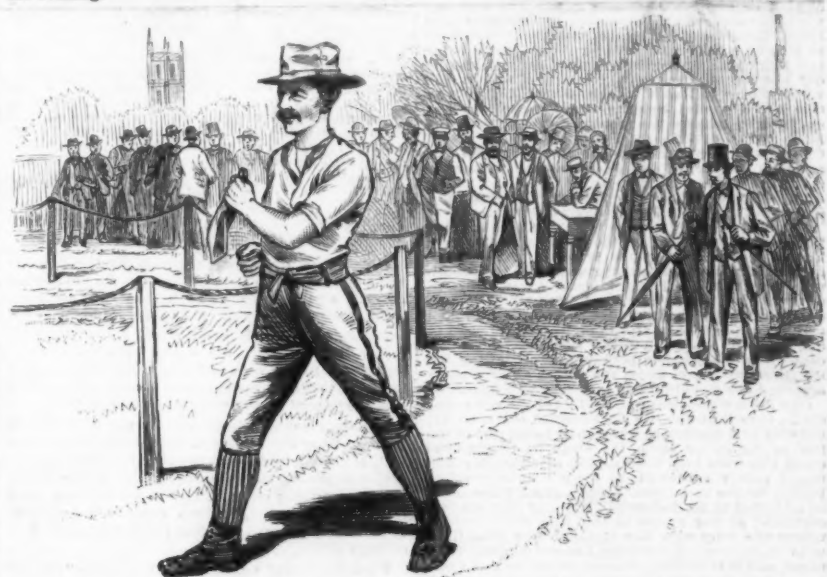
The ceremony was made the occasion of a general holiday, as well as a special celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. There was a military and civic procession of large proportions, a balloon ascension, an address by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and concerts and fireworks in the evening.



ORIGINAL APPEARANCE OF THE HALL OF RECORDS, CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK.



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE HALL OF RECORDS.—SEE PAGE 338.



NEW YORK CITY.—WILLIAM GALE, IN HIS ATTEMPT TO WALK 6,000 QUARTER-MILES IN 6,000 TEN MINUTES, IN A VACANT LOT ON MADISON AVENUE.

MR. WM. M. CONNER.

THE popularity which has attended the races on the course of the Coney Island Jockey Club is largely due to the experience and efficiency of Mr. Wm. M. Conner, the "starter" of the club. Under Mr. Conner's management, the delays and false starts so common on other tracks have seldom if ever occurred on the course at Sheepshead Bay, and the enjoyment of spectators, as well as the satisfaction of participants in the races, has been greatly increased by this fact. Mr. Conner is a gentleman of good presence and manners, and is thoroughly "up" in all the details of the important position which he fills.

NOVEL PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

WILLIAM GALE, a native of Cardiff, Wales, began, on the morning of June 28th, in a vacant lot on Madison Avenue and Eighty-eighth Street, an attempt to walk 6,000 quarter-miles in as many periods of ten minutes each. As he is said to have accomplished 4,000 quarter-miles in 4,000 ten minutes, in Cardiff, without feeling any serious effects, the present attempt is watched with much interest by sporting and athletic circles.

The pedestrian, who is walking against time with no money at stake, is dressed in the approved costume—a dark shirt, fitting very closely to allow the free circulation of air near the skin, knee-breeches and long stockings. His shoes are broad, but fit close to the foot, thus making the abrasion of any portion of the skin



MISS GERTRUDE M. GRISWOLD, THE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.—PHOTO. BY MULNIER, PARIS.—PAGE 338.



almost impossible. He walks the "heel-and-toe" pace to perfection, but has a habit of swinging his arms and hands which, although without doubt it adds to the ease of his motion, nevertheless detracts greatly from his grace.

#### MISS GERTRUDE M. GRISWOLD, THE YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

WE give on page 337 the portrait of Miss Gertrude M. Griswold, who has just achieved distinction and honored her native land by a very successful debut in the difficult rôle of *Ophélie* in Ambroise Thomas's opera of "Hamlet," at the Grand Opera, Paris. It is a notable fact that Miss Griswold is the first American who has made a debut in this theatre. Born in New York City, the daughter of Mr. Charles E. Griswold, formerly senior partner in one of our most important mercantile houses trading between Rio Janeiro and the United States, Miss Griswold is connected by birth with some of the best families of New York and Chicago. When a young child her parents took her and her brother Edmund, now a Wall Street stock broker, to Geneva, Switzerland, where she was placed at school and acquired her excellent knowledge of French, which she speaks without any perceptible foreign accent. She also studied music there, but with no intention of becoming an artist. Returning to America she completed her education at New York, and then traveled with her parents in South America, Algeria, Egypt, and throughout the Continent of Europe. In 1876 her father died, after losing his large fortune through business reverses, and Miss Griswold bravely resolved to gain her own livelihood. Nature had endowed her with an excellent voice, a fine presence and superior dramatic powers. She, therefore, chose the operatic stage as her life profession, and went to Paris to fit herself for the lyric stage. Entering the Conservatoire de Musique as a pupil, in October, 1877, she became, under the instruction of M. Barbot, opera professor in singing, and M. Obin, professor of opera, very quickly the most promising pupil in her class. At the annual concours d'opéra of 1879, at the Conservatoire, Miss Griswold took the premier accessit (equivalent to third prize), and at the concours de chant, the same year, also a premier accessit. Believing that an injustice was done her in offering her less than a second prize, she refused to accept either of those honors, greatly to the astonishment of the jury, which was composed of such men as Vancorbell, Vancorbell, Saint-Saëns, etc. Subsequently, in the annals of the venerable Conservatoire, it was unheeded, and they promptly suspended the plucky *jeune Américaine*, but they as promptly took her back into favor two days later, and Miss Griswold continued her studies. After another twelvemonth, in July, 1880, she won the first prize in singing, before a jury composed of nearly the same composers and musical critics. At the concours d'opéra, which followed a week later, Miss Griswold was awarded the second prize. This was so manifest an injustice that the French critics took up the matter, and for several days the whole Parisian press was filled with denunciations of the jury and its verdict, and with praises of Miss Griswold, her "belles voix," "dramatic intelligence," "her sentiment," etc.

M. Vancorbell, the director of the Nouvel Opéra, and himself a member of this very jury, reversed its decision by refusing to engage the lady who had won the first prize, and by engaging at once Miss Griswold as a member of the company of the first opera house in Europe. So prompt was he to take advantage of his legal right to demand her services—for all graduates from the Conservatoire are bound by previous agreement with the Government to play or sing only in French national theatres for two years if their services are so desired—that he did not wait the customary period of four weeks allowed him, but sent on the second day to Miss Griswold a formal legal notification that she was engaged to sing for the following two years at the Académie Nationale de Musique, as the Grand Opéra is entitled. In October Miss Griswold was assigned the rôle of *Ophélie*, and began at once to study it under the personal supervision of M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer of "Hamlet" and director of the Paris Conservatoire of Music.

There were many vexatious delays in producing the opera, but finally, on the evening of June 6th last, the debut took place before a most distinguished audience, comprising nearly all the prominent Americans in Paris, including our Minister, General E. F. Noyes and the United States Consul General, Mr. Walker, and also hosts of the French aristocracy, and men and women distinguished in art, in music and in letters. Miss Griswold's success was complete, her performances winning the heartiest applause, while the critics subsequently accorded her unanimously unrestricted praise.

Our Paris correspondent, writing of the new prima donna, says that she is an honor to our country, not only as a musician, but also as being one of the few young ladies upon the stage in Continental cities who have had the strength of character and moral purity sufficient to keep themselves, like Fortia, "above suspicion." It is a great pleasure to be admitted to her informal Thursday evening "receptions" at her home in the Rue d'Edinbourg, where she lives with her mother. For Miss Griswold, in cultivating her voice, has not neglected her mind, and it is no exaggeration to say that not one young woman in ten thousand, in the United States or England, has so comprehensive an idea of the best English, American and French literature as has this young lady, or as correct a taste in regard to books, united with clear-headed judgment of men and things. Some Americans in Paris prophesy that Miss Griswold is the coming American prima donna, who is destined to surpass all her predecessors. She certainly deserves great success, for she has toiled long and patiently for it.

#### THE OLD JAIL IN CITY HALL PARK.

AT last the venerable building known to the present generation as the Hall of Records, but in early days as the Provost, is doomed. The space it occupies in City Hall Park is required for the approach to the East River Bridge, and it is believed the order will soon be issued for tearing it down. The building was erected in 1757, on the site of the old Powder House, on what was then known as "The Commons," and was intended as a debtors' jail. The Powder House had been built in 1728, but was afterwards moved to an island in the Collect Pond, as the citizens of New York thought it was too near the dwellings. This part of the "Commons" was used, at the time of the erection of the jail, for the punishment of malefactors, and near the jail was erected the gallows, the cage, pillory, stocks, whipping-post, and other implements of punishment and torture. Most of these remained until the beginning of the present century. The gallows was described in some documents as being at the head of Frankfort Street (which was first laid out about 1760), and near the jail. North of the jail were the wooden barracks of the soldiers, who frequently became engaged in noisy riots.

The "Commons" was a place often used for public meetings, and the "Sons of Liberty" held many such meetings near the jail, especially during the exciting times which preceded the Revolution. It was here that the offensive British rulers were burned in effigy as a mockery to the execution of the so-called American traitors. A Liberty pole was erected on the "Commons" as a rallying-place for the "Sons of Liberty," and although destroyed by the soldiers was replaced more than once by the people.

The jail came most publicly into notice as one of

the historical buildings of New York City during Revolutionary times, when it was made into the "Provost," with the notorious William Cunningham as "Provost Marshal" of the city. His atrocities as head of the military police were such as to cause his name to be handed down with all that was vile and devilish.

After the Revolution the building was used as a debtors' jail, but came very near being destroyed during the fire of 1810, and was only saved by the intrepidity of one of the prisoners, who ascended to the roof, and put out the fire as it fell upon the building.

About the year 1830 the building was remodeled, and turned into the Hall of Records. A large bell, which had been hung in the cupola prior to the Revolution, and afterwards had sent its warning voice to the citizens in case of fire, was removed to the Bridewell, near by, and used as a fire-alarm. After the Bridewell was torn down in 1838, the bell was placed in the cupola on the roof of Nalad Hoe Company in Beaver Street, and was finally destroyed during the fire of 1845, which swept away 300 buildings between Broad Street and Broadway, Wall Street and the Bowling Green.

About twenty-five years ago the upper part of the Hall of Records was used as the Comptroller's office, and remained thus occupied for some time; but when the court-house was built the Hall was entirely devoted to the storing of records relating to property in this city, and the unsightly addition was subsequently added thereto.

#### IS IT "A CASE OF DOUBTFUL GLORY?"

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

THE contract for supplying the U. S. Government with 75,000 pounds of Baking Powder during the ensuing year has been awarded to HECKER'S PERFECT BAKING POWDER, it having been tested by Dr. E. G. Love, Analytical Chemist for the Government, and recommended by him for its excellence, and because it contained a higher percentage of gas (which means that it will make lighter bread and biscuits) than either the "Royal" or any of the other cream-tartar Baking Powders which he examined. The samples analyzed by Dr. Love were furnished by the Government Commissioners, and were without the manufacturer's label or name.

It will thus be seen that when HECKER'S PERFECT BAKING POWDER is submitted to an impartial test, its superiority is acknowledged, and the popular verdict so emphatically expressed in its favor is fully sustained.

The Royal Baking Powder Co. having published, under the title of "A Case of Doubtful Glory," what they claim to be "a true statement of the case" and the reason why the contract was given to us, it is necessary to give the following facts:

#### WHAT THE ROYAL CO. SAID:

In 1879, when they did not get the contract.

"This year (1879) the United States Government supplies to the Indians not less than 50,000 pounds of ROYAL BAKING POWDER, which is another positive proof of the superiority of this Powder, as its selection depended on the tests of competent chemists, and the ROYAL BAKING POWDER was recommended after a careful analysis."

The blanks used for proposals by the Government specially call for standard quality of Baking Powder, and not for "medium goods," as is asserted by the Royal Co. We have a letter from the Department of the Interior, dated June 16th, 1881, which states "where the words 'standard quality' appear, as in the case of Baking Powder, etc., it is intended that only the standard commercial article shall be offered by the respective bidders."

That this was so understood by the Royal Co. is proved by the description of the samples submitted by their bid, which reads as follows: "It is a superior cream-tartar powder, volume of gas large; will keep in any climate, and in all respects gives the best satisfaction," which sample was, as Dr. Love reports, a cream tartar powder of 12.82 percentage strength.

What the Royal Co. offer the public as "strictly fine goods" is, according to their advertisements, also a cream-tartar powder, and, as proved by tests made by Prof. Henry Morton, President of Stevens Institute, is of even less strength than the sample furnished this year to the Government.

With this presentation of the facts, we leave it to our customers and the public to decide whether it was the Royal Baking Powder or a special brand which was in competition when the award was given to HECKER'S PERFECT BAKING POWDER because of its excellence and strength.

GEO. V. HECKER & CO., 203 Cherry St., N. Y.

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PULLED from the breast, squeezed from the bottle, Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle; Baby hallelujah all that night, Household bumping heads in awful fright, Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victor, Night was hideous without CASTORIA! When coils left; for peaceful slumber, All said their prayers and slept like thunder.

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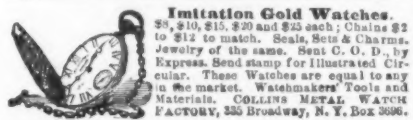
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